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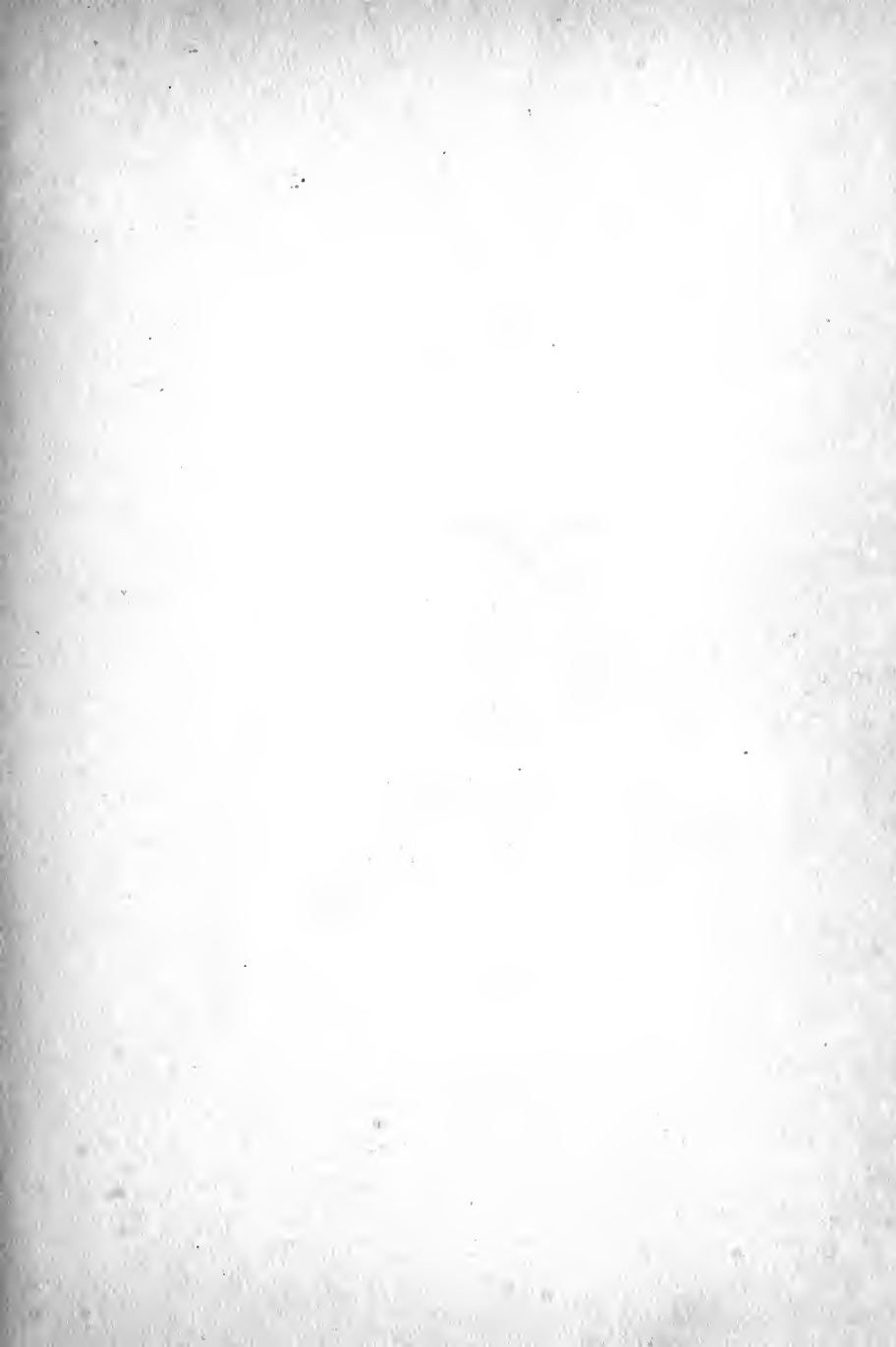
THE GRIEF SHADOW BETWEEN AND OTHER POEMS

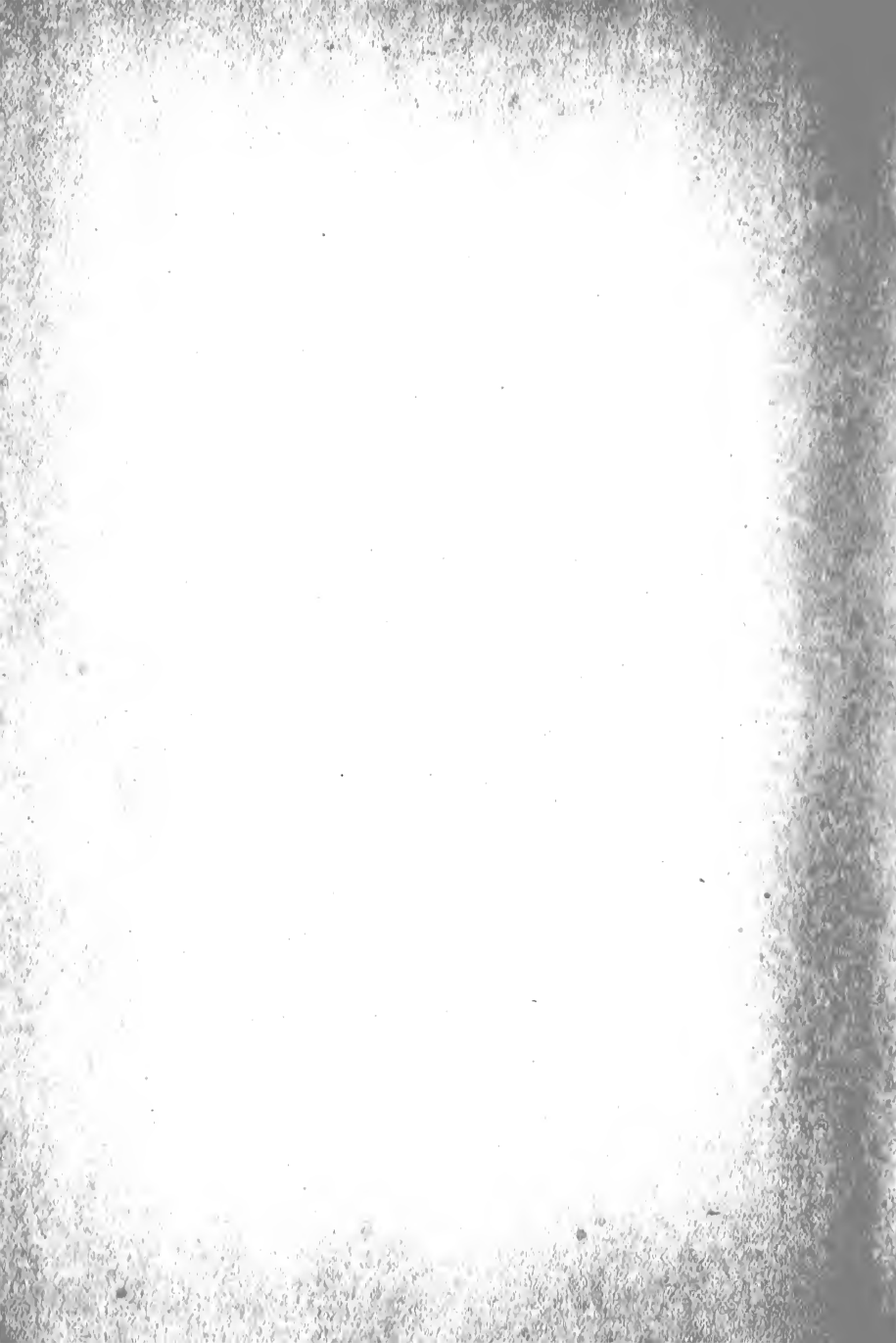
EDNA SMITH-DERAN



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EDNA SMITH-DeRAN

The Grief Shadow Between and Other Poems

BY
EDNA SMITH-DERAN

AUTHOR OF

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

"Verses by the Wayside"

Etc.



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

1911

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To.....

MY IDEAL

Brilliant in brain, and pure in heart,
Cleanly in body and mind;
Sharing the griefs of thy fellow men;
Tender and loving and kind;
Yet not too perfect to be of the world;
' (Human I'd have thee to be;)
Worthy a good woman's love and trust:
Dearest of all men to me.



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THE GRIEF SHADOW BETWEEN

You look in the face of the baby you hold,
So pure in its innocent glee;
You try to forget; but e'en as you look
The form of another you see.

You smile in the face of the daughter you hold,
And yet in the depths of your heart
The face of another—a daughter—you see,
Who from you years ago had to part.

And e'en tho' unworthy were you, still your heart
Cannot dim that pure face to your mind,
Cannot blot from your mem'ry that voice saying "Dad."
A life of regret you now find.

Every kiss that this babe will e'er press on your lips
Will be marred by the mem'ry of this:
The daughter—once "Dad's"—must fatherless be;
A father's protection she'll miss.

The years are fast going; were you on a throne
What else could she give you save scorn?
You—loved by one child who will learn what you were,
And scorned by the one left forlorn.

A father untrue to the babe of his blood
Can hope for naught less than regret;
The hot, scalding tears you have shed will come oft
Again ere your life's sun be set.

But tears will not blot from your past what was bad;
And sorrow must follow each sin.
The law has decreed *we must reap as we sow*,—
Sow lust, a lust-harvest we win.

So look in the eyes of that babe and there see
A picture you would not tell all.
The world views the innocent babe on your knee;
To your gaze a dim shadow will fall.

A shadow of nameless, unspeakable grief
'Tween her and the joy in your heart;
With her prattle you'll hear a faint heartcry of "Dad"
From the daughter who lives far apart.

And when you lay down this old earth-form of life,
And *one* stands by your grave low and green,
Your soul will cry loud as it sees only one:
"I placed that grief-shadow between."

And e'en tho' "on high" should thy spirit then roam,
Or still on this earth live unseen,
'Tis decreed that not once can thy spirit forget
Or transform that grief-shadow between.

And when in the end all are gathered at last,
And we all then shall "know as we're known,"
Then what will you say? For both then will see
You've reaped what you've knowingly sown.

Will one you now hold look with pride on your past?
The other forget and forgive?
Perchance this might be. Yet still in your soul
Will the mem'ry of that grief-shadow live.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

When the heart is o'erflowing with sorrow,
And our burdens are many to bear,
And the load seems too heavy to carry,
We oft ask: does fate treat us quite fair?

But as some gentle whisper comes to us
And a hand is soft slipped in our own,
It just seems as if that is the dearest,
Best possession of friendship we've known.

When it seeks us in grief to give comfort,
Or in poverty to give us its cheer,
When the rest of the world has forsaken,—
I just tell you such friendship is dear.

BECAUSE

I would not say one harsh or bitter word
 To wound a human heart,
And leave its sting to rankle long and sore
 And poison with its dart;
For you are human and of all the world
 You are, my love, a part.
And so I would not say one cruel word
 Because—because I love you.

I would not think one low or vulgar thought,
 For love is pure and true,
And “thoughts have wings,” and my unworthy ones
 Might fly away to you
And you’d lose faith in me and I would grieve,
 For I would know you knew.
And so I’d think no vile or selfish thought
 Because—because I love you.

I would not list to aught save what is pure,
 And to all else say nay;
For that I list might lodge within my heart
 And hold a mighty sway,
And, ere I was aware some passing hour
 From out my mouth might stray.
And so I’d only hark to what is good,
 Because—because I love you.

I would not in one human see a sin
That I would criticise;
Tho' in life's gutter he, I'd not condemn,
For love would make me wise;
I know that loving eyes see naught but good,
Or error, which for your sweet sake, I'd change
And lift that brother up to heights of truth
Because—because I love you.

Aye, loving you, I'd be more tender, true
To you and all mankind,
And what I see within your loving heart
In all men try to find.
Because of my unselfish love for you
I'd seek the best in life,
Or should I see the worst, would make it good
Because—because I love you.

WHILE I AM HERE

If for me you've fragrant flowers,
I pray you give them now;
For when I'm dead I can't enjoy them,
Or smell them anyhow.

If for me you've words of kindness
I pray you speak today;
Don't wait till I am in my coffin,
I can't hear what you say.

If for my lips you have sweet kisses,
I beg you to bestow
Your love's great wealth while I can feel it,
While I am here to know.

Today I want your kind caresses,
(My spirit needs them not)
To help me in my earth progression
So full of trials wrought.

And so, my friends, give and withhold not
All that you would bestow,
While I am in this earth plane with you,
While I am here to know.

AT A SUMMER RESORT

(In reply to Brand Whitlock's poem of same title,
published in *The American Magazine*, July, 1911.

'Tis beautiful: the ocean air
That wafts its breezes o'er my face;
The perfume-laden flowers that send
Their dainty odors everywhere.

The carols of the birds that flit
From tree to tree to join their mate;
To know 'tis mine to see, to hear,
To breathe, enjoy—delightful fate.

And yet, not once would I forget
My brothers, who must toil and spin,
Whose care-worn features feel no breeze
On sweat-stained brow, as bread they win.

I'd not forget their work-worn wives,
Lest I too long would idly live
At ease, while they—my sisters—wept
For one kind word that I might give.

I'd not forget the youths who toil,
Bereft of childhood's rightful glee;
I would not, could not, once forget
Their painful pleading looks to me.

I seek for rest, but they have none.
Save cares of wealth, what wearied me?
Why should I long seek idle hours
When all their lives at toil must be?

The ocean air, the flowers' perfume,
And songs of birds are fine. And yet
They're mine to share, to strengthen me
To love the world. I'd not forget.

TO M. A. S.

Dear, life has no sorrow
That love will not cure,
If we are but patient
And bravely endure.

Look upward. The sunshine
Is bright for each one.
Keep peering through darkness
Till clouds are all gone.

The shadows will vanish,
The sun seem more bright.
Then always be hopeful
And cling to the right.

YOU PRAY FOR A HEAVEN ABOVE

Give me this earth with weal and woe,
With storm and shine and winds that blow,
With human hearts that beat so true
With sorrows old and pleasures new,
This dear old earth with its golden glow
Of love and treasured friends we know.

Yes, give me men who think and feel
For human woes, who try to heal
By kindly words our broken hearts;
Where day by day in busy marts
Our women work and poor men toil,
Or till the fields of richest soil.

From tears and works you seek release;
You ask a place where all is peace,
This dear old earth seems good to me,
And midst its woes I'd rather be,
Where yearning, joy, and grief, and pain,
All come and go and come again

To test our hearts and make them strong.
There is a right for every wrong,
And when we know our power to heal
And lift our friends from woe and weal,
I'm sure the heaven that's right here now
Is all I'd ask for anyhow.

Perchance there is a heaven above,
Where all is joy and rest and love;
But had I done my share of good,
And loved my neighbor as I should,
I'd not be here in flesh today,
For in your heaven, perchance I'd stay.

But there is still some work for me
Right here on earth; and so you see
Why I don't ask your heaven above;
I'd rather fill this earth with love,
And have some heaven right now and here,
And to sad hearts bring hope and cheer.

But when our work is *rightly done*
The greater heaven has long begun.
But when we sit and weep and wail
For wrongs, and griefs, and beings frail,
And long for death, and moan, and sigh,
We lose the heaven that's just close by.

HE BEHELD THE CITY AND WEPT

Luke 19:41.

'Twas in the olden days long gone
When Christ was here with men,
He wept and worked. What would He now
Were He on earth again?

What would our cities with their dirt,
Their sorrow and their sin,
Our women fallen, men filled with greed,
What would they seem to Him?

If He should see where creatures work,
In stifling dens of dust,
Lint-laden air so filled with germs,
For bread—tho' but a crust,—

Could He but see the hungry child
Search refuse barrels for food,
For cast-off food, or bits of bread,
Which, finding, tasted good,—

Could He see gaunt-faced, starving babes
Moan in their fitful sleep,
And gasp for air, and die,—methinks
Again would Jesus weep.

As He saw misers—made from men—
Give measures false for gold,
As He saw honor daily slain,
And virtue daily sold,

The poisoned food we each must eat,
The death-draughts we all drink,
The laws that crush the poor and shield
The rich,—He'd weep, I think.

What would He say of churches fine?
What temple would He seek,
When creeds are fighting other creeds
Tho "God" is preached each week?

Oh what is faith without the work?
Christ's spirit is here still
Proclaiming brotherhood to men;
Let's *work* with right good will.

Let's make this earth a habitat
Where love and peace shall reign,
Where Christ need shed no tear of grief
Should He come back again.

OH, I LOVES YOU

When the world seems dark and dreary,
And the sun has ceased to shine,
And a gloom is hov'ring o'er you
As you see your hopes decline,
Then you almost feel like sinking
'Neath the load that's tiring you,
Till you hear a childish whisper:
"Oh, I loves you, 'deed I do."

Then two little arms fold 'round you,
And two blue eyes meet your own,
And two little feet climb lapward,—
"Mamma, dear, I's dis tum home.
I's been playin, wif my dolly,
But I's tired. I wanted you."
And the little lips come closer,
"Oh, I loves you, 'deed I do."

Childhood trust dispels the sorrow;
Baby lips kiss grief away;
How could eyes be filled with teardrops?
"Tears det in the baby's way."
So you wipe away the grief signs
As you look in eyes of blue.
Then the baby, laughing, whispers:
"Oh, I loves you, 'deed I do."

May this childish faith ne'er waver.
Clasp and keep that love your own.
Let not grief, nor acts unworthy
Kill the fruit of good seeds sown.
Oh may heaven keep you worthy
Of this child's love, pure and true.
May her words e'er cheer your pathway:
"Oh, I loves you, 'deed I do."

TO PROF. ———

Life, thou art a sad thing
If we stop to mourn,
If we look for sorrow
And shed our tears forlorn.

Life, thou art a glad thing
If a smile we try,
If to grief and trouble
We say: "My friend, goodbye."

Life, thou art a wise thing,
Glad am I to live,
To love, and weep, and labor,
And strength to others give.

GOD'S MYSTERIES

Like children at play have we wandered along;
The noontide of life, now o'head,
Bids us pause and in calm, careful thought here today
See the motive by which we are led
Away from the rush of the harsh, hustling world,
Away from its clamor and greed,
To the solace of friendship and the sweetness of rest,
To partake of the food our souls need;

To sit in the silence and ask of our souls:
"Oh whither? Oh wherefore? Oh what?
And, Oh soul of mine, tell me, has life been in vain?
For we come thus today to be taught."
But hark! As we listen a voice seems to say:
"Oh heart that is longing to hear
Of God's mysteries, ye will not seek them in vain,
For 'tis love that shall make them all clear.

"Not love such as asks for its service a price,
But love that is willing to give—
Aye, sacrifice all, then go on its way,
Only glad to help some soul to live.
'Tis love such as this that will bind thee to men
Who cannot sink hopeless in sin;
For thine eyes looking Godward, thy hand reaching down
To thy brother's, their hearts thou canst win.

“And God,—is He not but the essence of Love?
And thou but a part of the whole?
Then why call aught mystery? Thou, part of Him,
Thou canst know if thou wilt. Seek the goal.
'Tis “amo,” not “credo,” the key that solves all.
When love pure and true fills thy soul
Till it crowds out all selfishness, envy, and strife,
Thou wilt know, and can fathom the whole.

“And so the voice ceases. A silence now reigns.
But peace hath been granted to me;
And that once restless longing to know what and where
Has been granted. Now plainly I see
That I and my Father are one and the same;
I need but assert birth divine.
As to whither—Oh, God, where Thou art I shall be,
So all power and knowledge are mine.”

DON'T LET THE SONGS DIE IN YOUR HEART

Don't let the songs die in your heart
Because of minor strains;
The sweetest music is the best
Because of sad refrains.

Don't let life's greed crush out the good;
Share with the world your all.
Be thoughtful of your fellow men
And good to you will fall.

Don't let life's sorrow crush its joy.
Let smiles shine through the tears
And they will stop their briny flow.
Let hope crowd out the fears.

Don't let despair creep in your heart;
Life's skies are clear and blue.
Just hope, and trust, and work, my friends;
Success will come to you.

Don't let the songs die in your heart
But smile and work on still;
Your songs will cheer some saddened life
And with new hope will thrill.

Then smile and sing. Let this old world
Resound with songs and cheers.
Life's postlude is a glad Amen—
Glad both for joys and tears.

THE STAR OF TRUTH

I followed a star,
And through the wild woods of despair it has led,
And from a rough banquet of grief it has fed,
Until, in the stillness of night, I have cried:
"Oh star, why from joy have I thus been denied?
In faith I have followed wherever you went.
But was I for grief and for loneliness sent
Away from the haunts and the harvests of glee?"
The star seemed to say: "Follow me. Follow me."

I followed the star,
And soon in the darkness I felt at my side
A poor fallen sister, who pleadingly cried
And begged me to lead her out on to truth's way.
And then from the star came a strange flick'ring ray
As I took her hand, and together we went
To where, in its silence, that lonely star sent.
And tho' to the world would that comrade mean naught,
Yet some way a strange silent sweetness she brought.

We followed the star.
The pathway grew brighter; the thorns were no more.
And on, far beyond, was the goal, I was sure.
Soon lo! in our pathway we met some strange men
Who, weary of traveling, had fainted; and then
From out of the water that flowed near our feet,
We bathed their poor foreheads. I'm sure it was sweet
To feel the cool touch, for they brokenly said:
"God bless you." I knew by the star we'd been led.

We followed the star,
And they, gained in strength, went along with us, too,
And some way their faith in the star grew and grew.
We passed a small village of people, and they
Inquired as we passed: "Oh where do you stray?"
"We follow the star, and it leads to the goal,
The goal of true greatness, the hope of the soul."
So, leaving their homes, they curious, went 'long.
I told of love's star, and we sang love's sweet song.

We followed the star.
Wherever we met with disease or with grief
We'd bind up their wounds, and we'd give them relief.
Through cities, and valleys, and deserts we marched,
And working, forgot that our hearts had been parched,
And selfish, and seared, in the days now long passed.
Then some way our journey seemed ended at last.
The star stood above me in heaven's bright blue,—
That star I had followed so faithful and true.

I followed the star.
It led me through grief to the joy of today,
And when was the change, I'm sure I can't say.
I looked back to see, and beheld a vast crowd
Of bright happy faces; they cheered long and loud.
I looked at the star. It was changed. It was GOD.
For I had but followed the path Jesus trod.
No creed had I claimed, but the star led the way
Unto this, love's most perfect and bright endless day.

TO HARVEY A. FULLER

The Blind Author, Lecturer and Poet.

Yes, in our worldly way we say "He's blind."
But it oft seems that we are blinded, too.
In peevish haste, like children, do we cry
At fate. But thou canst bravely bear (and do)

Thy burden, and, in shadows dark,
Pursue thy path with not a cry or moan,
And in the silence of thy darkened way
Drink deep of sorrows that we have not known.

While thou dost tread where darkened shadows play
And only list to what we hear and see,
Thy heart, so consecrated pure and brave,
Sees beauties that for us may never be.

We see the richness of the flower tints;
Their sweeter fragrance with thee do we share;
But to thy listening ear they breathe a song
In metered measure that we never hear.

Yes, fair the world that thou canst ne'er more see,
And sweet the tints of blossom and of leaf;
But fair indeed thy world of sweet content
Unmarred by bitterness, undimmed by grief.

Oh, may each day bring peace to thee and thine,
And health, and love, and of life's store the best.
And when the curtain lifts for perfect day
Sweet be thy passage to the land of rest.

TO MRS. P.

A worded thought that's just thine own,
A verse for thee, for thee alone?
What shall it breathe to thee, my friend,
What message to thy heart must send?
What shall I wish for thee: Joy? Health?
Power? Fame? Or shall it be, dear, wealth?
Nay, rather would I wish the thing
That shall all these forever bring—
I wish that love, unbounded, true,
(Unknown by some life's journey through)
Might come and fill thy very soul
And bind life's parts in one great whole
And bless thee dear, in joy or pain,
This is my wish. Please God, amen.

SLUMBER SONG

Close thine eyes, little darling,
Let sweet slumber bring thee rest.
Naught can harm my baby sweetheart
While she sleeps on mother's breast.

All too soon the years will claim thee,
So let mother hold thee now;
Let my loving arms enfold thee;
Let my kisses press thy brow.

Slumber sweetly, little darling,
Angels watch thee in thy sleep;
Angel forms are hovering o'er thee
And all dangers from thee keep.

Ah, thou smilest in thy dreaming!
What, my darling, dost thou see?
Oh, I would the smiles might linger,
I would shed all tears for thee.

I would bear each heartache, darling,
I would kiss each pain away;
For I love thee, Oh my baby,
Just how much thou'lt know some day.





When thine own arms hold a loved one,
And thy heart aches with a fear
Lest the coming years bring sorrow
To that babe thou'lt prize so dear.

Then thou'lt know how mother loved thee
Baby mine, so fair and sweet;
Now thou slumb'rest caring little
As my lips thy fingers meet.

Slumber sweetly. Angels bless thee,
Oh my baby—only mine—
Oh how much I love thee, darling,
Thou wilt know sometime—sometime.

THE DAY IS DEAD

The evening's soft gray mantles fall;
The night's dim shadows cover all;
The day is dead and buried now,
And to its records I must bow.

What do they show of good or ill?
What work accomplished, and what still
Remains to do? The night's release
Has brought to me a sense of peace.

What tho my work has not been fair?
'Twas done in faith and done with care,
My best. 'Tis all I have to show.
Christ would not ask me more, I know.

What tho resolves have come to naught;
The rainbow vanished that I sought.
The morrow's sun a new hope brings,
"Try, try again" my heart it sings.

Why should I grieve? My hope deferred
Hath in my soul ambition stirred.
What tho tonight I am not all
I hoped to be, I will not fall,

Nor falter in my life's great work.
No step I'll miss, no duty shirk.
Tonight will grant me peace and rest.
The morn will bring whatever's best.

The day is dead, and with the morn
New strength is given, new hope is born.
So midnight hours are dear to me.
Oh shades of night, I welcome thee.

YOUR DREAM

And so you would dream of me, dear friend,
And clasp me to your heart,
Then steal far away from this wideawake world
(Where we now live far apart,)

And there in love's dreamland we'd forget
That life was hard and stern;
And then in your dream, where no miles intervene,
Our eager lips need not burn

In vain with desire; for dreamland would bring
To each the heart's demand;
And hand would clasp hand, and our hearts would beat
fast
While trodding paths in dreamland.

THE NARROW PATH

The way is long and tedious;
The thorns hath wounded thee;
Thy heart, perchance, is bitter
When, looking, thou dost see
The broader path, where marching
Are thousands lingering 'long
Bedecked in fairer raiment,—
A happy, careless throng.

But canst thou see their pathway,
Its ending and its length?
To trod the short and narrow
Requires the greater strength.
To thee is given the choosing;
Yet all roads lead to God,—
The long and oft-retrodden,
The short that Jesus trod.

Then wilt thou loiter idly
Among the careless throng
That gathers ease and pleasures?
Or bravely march along
With those who fight and suffer,
With those whose tear drops fall
To moisten lips that're thirsting,
Who cheer the hearts that call—

Aye, call for aid and kindness
That cross-borne souls can give,
Who, having fought and conquered,
Can help their brothers live.
Aye, tho thy feet are wounded,
Thy soul storm tossed and tried,
And tho the peopled pathway
Is tempting, fair and wide,

Thy sorrow here is victory
That brings a crown to thee
In æons that are coming,
When others still will be
Retrodding earth-worn pathways
To win their crown like thee.
So bravely bear, nor falter;
Earth's sorrows soon will flee.

Earth trials well borne and conquered
Will bring to thee sweet peace;
Temptations met, resisted,
From sorrow bring release.
I hear the angel voices—
They're speaking to thee now:
"Be brave a little longer
And peace will crown thy brow."

WILD WOODS QUERIES

The shade, sun-spotted, and entrancing, cool,
 Beneath the waving branches of the elms,
Is an oasis for my weary feet,
 And Oh its silence all my soul o'erwhelms.

When careworn, here I lie and dream sweet dreams;
 And world-free fancies flit all through my brain;
And hopes I dare not utter to the world
 Come straggling back into my heart again.

Nor law, nor cult, nor creed can say them nay;
 For God and love and peace once more are mine;
And all the texts and sermons needed now
 Are writ by nature's holy Scribe divine.

The shining sun, grown weary of its trail
 Across the sky, sinks now from out my sight;
And all in slumber leaves the weary world
 Lit only by the moon and stars so bright.

And here in all the solemn silence, lone,
 Unbroken, only by the hoot of owl,
I sit and think and ponder questions deep:
 When will I be united to the whole

Of this vast sphere of which I am a part?

And need I live this earth life o'er again?

And will the pangs I suffer now decrease

The sorrow in my next life, and the pain?

And some way, something seems to answer "Aye."

Perchance it is the wind, or my own breath.

Be what it may, for me it brings sweet peace

And takes away all fear and sting of "death."

Perchance a spirit from the other world

(Which, after all, cannot be far away,)

Had heard the query which I asked my soul,

And paused to answer, ere it passed away.

Again I ask: When comes the end of all,

Will e'en one soul be left apart, alone,

And stretch its hand yet touch no kindred one,

And be apart from all its loved, and known?

Once more I pause to list for a reply.

Again does something softly whisper "Nay."

I hear no more, but Oh how sweet to feel

That not one soul is lost in that last day.

And so I sit and ponder questions deep

Till flutt'ring wings and chirpings sweet o'erhead

Proclaim the dawn of day has come once more;

And rays of light are shining overhead.

I slowly wend my way back to the town,

Where toil and sorrow hold a daily sway;

Where life and love are also to be found.

And I, refreshed, begin my duties of the day.

BLINDED

Your blinded eyes look far beyond
For some great work to do,
When all along your daily path
There is so much for you.

How could you hope for greater fields
When duties lie unseen
Around your door? The sheaves are bound
And stand for you to glean.

Why seek for souls across the seas
When men are starving here
For one kind act of brotherhood,
For just a word to cheer?

Why shun the acts Christ did so oft?
The blind man by the way,
The erring woman at the well,—
You pass them every day.

And yet you see them—know them not,
Or, seeing, pass them by.
Could you not heed their eager looks,
Or hear their plaintive cry?

Just pause to look around your path;
There's plenty you can do.
Don't seek a work beyond your sphere,
There's work right here for you.

NATURE'S RHYME

You ask me why I write in rhyme?
All nature speaks in meter,
And when I voice my thoughts in verse
I'm sure that it is sweeter.

The surge of sea, the wings of birds,
Beat with a rhythmic measure;
The leap of deer, or tread of man,
All come in metered leisure.

The toss of bow that snaps and waves,
The throb of heart in sorrow,
The day with all its hopes and fears,
And night that brings the morrow.

You ask me why I love to rhyme?
All nature speaks in measure,
And that my thoughts like nature come,
I feel 'tis quite a treasure.

TELEPATHY

Once upon a midnight lately,
As the trees, so tall and stately,
Cast their wavering, ghostly shadows on my bed,
Did my wayward thoughts go wandering
As I lay there, restless, pondering,
Dreaming dreams that years ago I thought long dead.

But my life had been most dreary,
And my eyelids, growing weary,
So I turned to seek a dreamless, restful sleep;
But a pair of blue eyes gleaming
Kept me from all peaceful dreaming,
Seemed to say: "A midnight vigil we will keep."

So at last I ceased from trying,
Since those eyes were sleep-defying;
To my window then I crept and sat and thought:
Why should eyes so blue thus haunt me,
With their merry twinkling taunt me?
And a reason for their presence vainly sought.

But the moonbeams' light now failing,
And the winds through treetops sailing,
Brought no answer in the silence back to me.
So I crept back to my slumbers
While the clock ticked countless numbers;
But in dreams those sparkling eyes were still with me.

Then a voice so soft, beguiling,
From sweet lips in mischief smiling,
In my dreamland solved this problem, said to me
As I lay there silent, sleeping,
Still in dreams that vigil keeping:
"In these midnight hours I, too, have thought of thee."

TO LITTLE "I WILL"

Little boy with eyes of blue,
What has life in store for you?
Will its sorrow dim your eyes,
Or great joy bring you surprise?

Little boy with heart so true,
What life *is* will rest with you.
Yours 'twill be to do and dare,
With father's help and mother's prayer.

Little darling blue-eyed boy,
You will be a parent's joy.
Shun all false and all deceit.
Purely, truly, all things meet.

Bravely, nobly, live your best,
God and fate will do the rest.
Persevere. Aim high. Do right.
God be with you day and night.

TO MRS. F. T.

God bless thee, dear, for all thy love.
Such hearts as thine, my friend, are few.
God made thee thus to cheer and bless.
He gave thee grief, for well He knew

That sorrow makes us tender, kind;
A widow made He, dear, of thee
That thou couldst sympathize with all
And know the longing that must be

Entrenched within the hearts of all.
A mother made He of thee, dear,
That mother-love (so strong in thee)
Should be augmented; far and near

Its touch should bless each childless heart,
Each heart that mourns a baby kiss,
Whose lips feel ne'er a baby touch.
Aye, many women mourn for this.

He gave thee insight to each soul;
He leads thee up by steps so steep
That sometimes thou dost faint and fall,
And oftentimes thou hast stopped to weep.

But, dear, this sense of love and truth
 (That comes from joy, and tears, and fear,
All sweetly blended,) will make thee
 Great and strong. Let not a tear

Bedim thine eyes. Let not a doubt
 Find room, perchance, thy heart to sear.
Just hope, and love, and work, and trust,
 God keep and bless thee always, dear.

POLLY MAKE-BELIEVE

Little Polly make-believe
 With her roguish eye
Says "I'll read this book for you,
 Just wait and I will try."

Then Polly, in her grandma's specs,
 Sits and looks most wise;
You would think she surely knew
 Save for those twinkling eyes.

But some way thoughts are far between;
 Polly's good at tricks,
But not impromptu reading books,
 For Polly's only six.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
MR. AND MRS. R.

Fifty years ago today, friends,
 Aye, this year,
Our hearts were bound and hands united
 Without one fear.
Years passed lightly, some passed gravely,
Yet our trials we both met bravely
 Year by year.

Darkened locks were changed to silver
 Year by year;
Yet our youthful love grew purer
 And more dear.
And the dark and stormy weather
Seemed but brief, for both together
 Faced each fear.

Now the dawn of life is fading
 Year by year;
Yet the future has no shading
 In our fear.
One of us may be left lonely
For a time, a short time only,
 Lone and drear.

When we pass through death's dim portals
Shed no tear.
We have tried to give but gladness
While we're here.
May the kind words we have spoken
Never die, but linger with you
Year by year.

QUERY

Oh were we born each like a star,
To shine a while, then disappear,
To brighten sorrow, give forth light,
Then fade away and say "goodnight?"

Or does our light seek other spheres
And grow in brightness with the years,
And merging finally with the sun
Till both are blended into one?

GIVE JOY

If you know a thought that's pleasant,
Tell it. Tell it to the world;
For if kept it betters no one,
And we need good thoughts to grow on.
Worded thoughts may brighten,
Spoken thoughts may lighten
Heavy burdens for the weary earth.
Then speak out; reveal your pleasure;
Share with all; conceal no treasure
Of the mind, but tell, Oh tell your mirth.

If you know a song of beauty,
Sing it. Sing it for mankind.
Let the tones ring loud and joyous;
'Tis but discord that annoys us.
Cheerful songs are pleasant;
Grief is always present
To be stifled, crushed by mirth and song.
Make thy songs for sorrow healing,
Though thy grief thou art concealing,
Then thy sorrow cannot linger long.

Can you give a smile, a hand-grasp,
That will cheer us on our way?
Can you lighten some one's sorrow?
Can you some one's burden borrow?
Borrow it to bury.
Give instead words merry.
Let the world share of your joy and love.
Give the best that is within you.
Let but truth and virtue win you.
Then this world will be akin to heaven above.

A THOUGHT

A thought for thee that thou canst call
Thine own? A thought that's not for all?
In prose or rhyme wouldst have it be?
Dear friend, this shall I wish for thee:
A heart that's brave for any storm,
A heart that does not fear to mourn,
A mind that's filled with thoughts e'er pure,
A noble life, that when 'tis o'er
We'll miss and mourn our noble friend.
In thee may honor, goodness blend.

AN INSPIRATION

With tear-blinded eyes and a grief-burdened heart,
In the dimming of evening I stood
In my room, and my soul, like the room, was enclosed
With the walls of my sad, bitter mood.

The best that was in me I buried from sight
And I covered it deep by my grief,
And I cared not, nor sought not, (I nursed all my wrath)
To uncover that God for relief.

And careless for mood or appearance was I,
Altho knowing a stranger would be
Soon a guest; (what cared I when the world went so
wrong?)
I was nothing to him; he, to me.

So long have I looked for my other soul self
Who would bring to me love fervent, pure,
That I dreamed not that Cupid was knocking tonight;
So I carelessly opened the door.

And there stood my hero of day dreams oft dreamed;
My ideal of long dreary years;
One long, hungering look in his soulful blue eyes,
And my heart cast away all its fears.

I sat and I listened to words wondrous wise
On the topics so dear to my heart,
Tho 'twere themes that the world would deem mystic and
vague;
But to me of my life the best part.

Each word that he uttered, each glance that he gave
Enthralled me and held me spell bound;
Then the dreary old world seemed to vanish from sight,
And a heaven long sought for seemed found.

Oh love, undimmed and untarnished by lust,
Nor narrowed by one selfish thought,
Oft of thee have I dreamed in the long bitter hours,
And thy soul I so often have sought.

Dear, I could have knelt at thy feet, giving all
That a loving, pure wife could bestow;
To be clasped in thine arms and to meet lip with lip
Were the sweetest earth-heaven I know.

And tonight the touch of thy hand thrilled me so
That it seemed I must clasp it and hold,
Lest thy spirit should vanish from me once again,
But I could not be so seeming bold.

And when thou hadst gone and I sat here alone,
I prayed: "Oh, my God, give me strength
Just to make myself fit for a love such as his,
And, when worthy, wilt Thou grant it at length?"

FOR EVERY CROSS A CROWN

My road, sometimes so dark, so lone,
Has shadows hovering ever near,
Has days and nights dark cursed by fear,
And yet it is my road, my own.

It is a road of patience, pain,
Both for myself and those so dear.
Sometimes the end does not seem near,
And doubt comes surging through my brain.

Not doubt of what shall be the end,
Not fear lest I might lose my strength
And falter on the road at length,
But doubt if love and duty blend.

My road leads up to heights unknown;
The end is not a dream to me;
Its goal you cannot, do not see;
I know my road; it is my own.

No other feet can tread my path;
No other heart can share my grief;
Or wear my crown when comes relief;
'Tis mine alone, the aftermath.

What matters when the goal is great?
What tho my road is pain and tears?
What tho my day is filled with fears?
I will not cry or fret at fate.

For Oh the glory of my way.
I know each tear drop that must fall
Makes brighter some dark spot for all,
Brings sunshine in some cloudy day.

Without a murmur or a moan
I'll scatter seeds of joy, and give
From out my store to all that live,
And thus will earn my crown, my own.

TO — — —

I wish 'twere mine the power to send
The thoughts to help thee every day;
I'd burden each with blessings rare
And roses sweet ere sent away.

But lest that power may not be mine,
And thoughts I send might go astray,
I'll send thee roses. Each shall bear
My New Year's greeting, dear, today.

The rich red rose true love doth mean;
The roses white are purity.
To thy heart's altar bring I both;
Each petal is a prayer for thee.

And tho our hands might ne'er more touch,
Or never more my lips meet thine,
My love would find thee miles away
And claim thy friendship. That is mine.

Now may each blossom bring to thee
Real wealth of friendship, health and lore;
And may the fragrance of each rose
Breathe love and blessings o'er and o'er.

OUR DUTY

We breed through lust. A babe is born
To grow and be as we have been.
When grown he sins. What do we then?
Forgive him for his inborn sin?

Not so. We clamor for revenge
And for an eye demand an eye
As did the men in ancient times.
"Forgive"—Christ's creed,—we pass it by.

Reform? Oh no, not we. "Revenge"
The slogan cry (if not in word
At least implied by acts of ours)
In every town and state is heard.

The future race lies in our hands.
Unfaithful we, unhonored they.
What shall we do? What shall they be?
An honored race? Or lustful? Nay.

Oh let us mould in perfect form
Then guard and guide with anxious care,
Lest baby feet shall stray away.
Let's work and watch with hope and prayer.

THE MAN OF TOMORROW

The boy of today is the man of tomorrow.
Oh will he reap joy, or will he reap sorrow?
Let's ask of our hearts. What seed have we sown
That must, by our darlings, in years hence, be mown?

Were industry's seeds scattered round in his path?
Or will he be dull in life's aftermath
Because we have failed to fit him for work?
Will he, for our carelessness, life's duties shirk?

The boy of today is the man of tomorrow,
And from our full hands he comes now to borrow
Of what from our store, we willingly give
To fit him for manhood and help him to live.

Has virtue been planted with care in his heart,
Or will, in sin's lust, he bear a sad part?
Has tenderness been the seed we have sown?
Then kindness and love is the field to be mown.

The boy of today is the man of tomorrow.
Will your boy and mine reap harvests of sorrow?
Oh father and mother, it rests now with you.
Have you sown the seed for a man pure and true?

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE

Life is a serious old problem,
And success is the answer to find.
Some say that luck has the solving;
But I know 'tis a question of mind.

Luck may bring money, I grant you,
But is gold all there is to this life?
Wealth cannot buy the real treasure,
Then don't make it the object of strife.

Life has its leaders and heroes;
But the most of us have to be led.
Duty is welcome to great men,
To the herd 'tis a matter of dread.

Rather than face each new trial
With a daring to battle it through,
Backward we sink, feeble-hearted,
As a cowardly craven would do.

Success is e'er founded on failure;
A misnomer is "luck," just a fake;
Men who succeed scorn its tempting,
And they keep hearts and brains wide awake.

All may work hard with the body,
But 'tis few who will work with the mind.
He who will use all his powers
Will soon rank with the great of mankind.

Life is a serious old problem.
Let us master its meaning right now.
Joy in the loving and giving,
And in doing, and in knowing just how.

Life has an easy solution
When we work with our heart and our brain.
Brain power grows with the using.
Have we failed in our task? Try again.

TO W.

Alone by my window I'm sitting
And thinking, beloved, of you.
Of all the world's friendships, the true ones,
The pure ones, are few, very few.

The night winds are sobbing and sighing;
The moon casts its rays over all;
Yet Nature seems dreary and restless,—
For you doth my heart ever call.

Tonight as I sit by my window,
Alone in the starlight so clear,
Alone with my thoughts and my longing,
Oh, love, how I wish you were here.

I wish that your arms might enfold me
And take away from me this pain,
This heartache; for if you were with me
I'd never be lonely again.

And so here alone in the gloaming
I'm longing to see you again.
My soul cries to you in the distance
Tho knowing it calls all in vain.

My soul cannot still this wild worship;
I love, and you know I am true.
Tho many fine courtiers woo me,
I love, dear, I love only you.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN?

Have you forgotten, Oh love of my heart,
Your sadly made promise when last we did part,
That you would still love me tho I cast away
Your love and your life that one cold, dreary day?
You knew not the treasure my heart held so deep;
I knew we must part if my power I'd keep.
Away from your life, as your queen, I would hold
My place in your heart, and so thus could unfold
The thing that was wisest for both you and me
Although it seemed cruel. It was best, don't you see?

TOMORROW

I sat and grieved, for the way was dark;
I asked the "why" of my sorrow;
I moaned: "Oh when will the end e'er come?"
And something answered: "Tomorrow."

My heart beat faster as hope was born.
Would grief and pain soon be ended?
And something sighed as it then replied:
"No, pain and joy are e'er blended."

But still I waited to greet the morn;
I hoped for joy and for gladness,
And watching to see my hope fulfilled,
Forgot to look for the sadness.

Tomorrows came and tomorrows went;
The star of hope still grew brighter;
The faith I would have my share of joy
Had made my heart grow much lighter.

And so one day did love come my way,
And I forgot all my sorrow.
Then something whispered so soft to me:
"Ah, now has come your tomorrow."

And in the light of my new-found love
I knew my joy was far dearer
For having grieved till sweet hope was born,
And hoped; for faith brought it nearer.

And so to those who are mourning today,
Who sit and dwell on their sorrow,
Arise, have faith, and your grief will dim
And die in the joys of tomorrow.

Just hope, and hope, e'en tho failures come.
If faith can move even mountains,
Why then, dear hearts, cannot faith dry up
The cause of sorrow's fountains?

Just watch for joy. Feel sure it will come;
The while forget all your sorrow,
And I am sure that kind fate will bring
For you a gladsome tomorrow.

THE QUEST OF THE SOUL

The realm of "All" is closed to mortal view;
The vast beyond is seen and sensed by few;
And few, perchance, can read the mystic now;
They see the form and to its power bow.

They do not know within doth dwell the real,
And only time can this to them reveal.
We are not ever just the thing we seem.
Sometime, somewhere, we'll see the blinding beam

That dims our sight and dulls our listening ear
To truths and glories that are ever near.
When soul demands a wider, deeper view
Than that material knowledge which it knew,

And when our soul puts out an empty hand
And seeks for bread, I know 'twill understand.
Some day 'twill know that all there is, is here,
That knowledge lingers through our doubt and fear.

That all there is, is mine to grasp and hold,
And love and truth alone are purest gold.
Then, Oh my soul, be not content with rest,
But seek and search with earnest, eager quest.

SERVICE, NOT SELF

He is great whose life is one of service;
Strength ne'er came by force unused, unsought.
Self should come the last. The world thy mission.
Cleanse thy mind from every selfish thought.

When thy heart is filled with fear or envy
Canst thou give the world thy very best?
When thou grieveest over what thou deemest sorrow
Thou art failing on life's grander test.

Wouldst rejoice when 'round thee suffering lingers?
Hearts are grieving for a kind word thou canst say.
Oh, forget thy selfish grief in giving
Comfort to the weary hearts along the way.

Make each morn a dawning day of service.
Let the noontide see thy hand outstretched and filled,
And the night will find thy heart with joy o'erflowing,
Because another's grief thy loving words have stilled.

Didst thou linger 'long the way till perfect
Ere thou help to bind the master's sheaves,
In his harvest when the fruit is ripened
Thou, perchance, would nothing bear but leaves.

Just a cup of water to the thirsting,
Even tho thy hand may not be white.
Just a glad word to the heart that's breaking,
Tho thine own life may not be all bright.

In the giving thou wilt find a blessing;
Each kind deed will bring return to thee;
And thy sin, o'er which thou hadst been fretting,
May be forgiven. Try, my friends, and see.

RESURRECTED HOPE

Yes, I have loved, but love proved false ;
Not even I could hold my power,
Or bind that love to me till death,
Although I tried. One fatal hour

A serpent, clothed in garments gay,
Crept to my throne and left its sting ;
And love, at first rebellious, paused
And seeing, hungered ; then took wing.

For one brief period it was mine ;
And I, rejoicing in my right,
Knew not that it could tempted be
While mine, until I learned its flight.

And so, one dark and dismal morn,
Life's loneliness crept over me ;
Then, in my grief, I looked around
For other happy homes, to see

What secret I had failed to learn ;
What faults ; since I had failed to hold
A virtuous love, of which I dreamed
Would last, because of pleadings bold.

I sought and searched; but other hearts
 I found like mine, were seeking, too,
And living empty, loveless lives,
 And drinking not of balm, but rue.

And so I dropped my quest of love,
 That gleamed so golden in youth's morn,—
In merry, joyous, thoughtless youth
 When pleasures breed and hopes are born.

But when false lustful lips can lead
 Love's step away from home that's pure,
We realize how fragile, frail,
 Love is, since wanton wiles allure.

The poet knew who said of love:
 "'Tis music, song, regret and tears."
When true, the heart sings out its joy;
 When false, the soul moans out its fears.

And yet love pure need shed no tear
 At death. Lust's reign lasts not for aye.
Bread cast out thus comes back again,
 And e'en tho sodden, back 'twill stray.

And then the serpent heart will taste
 The thing it sent, e'en though 'tis gall,
Must taste, and eat each crumb sent out,
 E'en tho repenting tears may fall.

And I? Well, having loved and lost,
 And moaned my sorrow, ere I flung
The worthless carcass from my heart,
 My lyre, in reborn hope, I strung.

Once more my heart beat full of hope;
And youth's ambition, not quite dead,
Nor crushed entirely from my heart,
(My weaker love when I was wed,)

Once more I say, those hopes dared rise,
And rising, bold, assert their sway;
And I, obeying their demand,
Breathe forth these fancies here today.

Henceforth for me a wider field
Than man alone; and if I sing
One humble song to cheer the heart,—
If courage, joy, my lines may bring

To other hearts, or e'en perchance,
To one sad soul among the throng,
I shall not deem my sorrow vain;
Shall not regret I sang the song.

But should some minor strains creep in,
Some lines be sad, Oh reader, say:
"This author, too, like us, has wept,
But conquered grief, as we all may."

HELP THE WORLD

Let us moan, not that life's misery
 Seemeth greater than its mirth;
Weeping eyes but dim our efforts;
 Let us work for all we're worth.

Let us help each fallen brother
 With our outstretched willing hand;
As he faintly, weakly rises
 Let us bravely by him stand.

Let us make some pale face brighter;
 Give food that makes weak hearts grow strong;
Let us make a burden lighter
 For some one as we go 'long.

Let us stop the wail of childhood
 That grows fainter with each cry;
Let us stop the moans of mothers
 That are struggling lest they die.

Let us jeer not at another,
 For his path is not our own;
And his harvest is his gath'ring,
 For we reap what we have sown.

Words are keen and actions caustic
When hate reigns within our brain;
And our scorn can send a brother
On a hellward road again.

What the world needs is not critics,
But 'tis models brave and strong;
Cease thou then thy condemnation;
Help the world by love's sweet song.

YOU CANNOT FORGET

You tread your path with smiling face,
Yet I alone the grief can trace.
You thought the day law made us twain
You could forget, but 'tis in vain.

You know the day you sought my side
And begged for hope to call me "bride?"
A rudely ended dream divine!
For I'm not yours; and you, not mine.

In daily life you hold your head
With genial smile and manly tread.
You think deceit will hide your past
And crush regret, that aye will last.

But way from sight and sound of men
An endless grief comes o'er you, when
On mem'ry's page you sadly trace
The love that's dead and baby's face.

And in those secret hours alone
Your heart cries for the love that's gone.
And tho no human eye can see
Your soul cries out for her and me.

And thus your fate you cannot hide.
None other can be truly bride.
A magic spell binds you to me;
Its strength you cannot break or see.

For once you bound by seal and sign
My love and proudly said: "'Tis mine."
But seal nor sign, nor law can hold
When only lustful arms enfold;

When kisses foul with stench of sin
From wanton lips could from you win
Your honor, virtue, manhood pure,
'Twas time our plighted days were o'er.

And so I left you to be free,
To bask in lust apart from me.
But this I know—you'll ne'er forget
A wife and babe. For grief, regret,

And secret shame will dim each day
And shade each night where e'er you stray.
God's law cannot be disobeyed.
You sinned and now your sin is weighed.

LOVE'S TOKEN

You ask me, dear, to send a kiss.
I'll try to please you once in this.
You ask for length, "no tiny smack."
So if your lips no sweetness lack,

I'll linger long with right good will.
Come, sweetheart mine, and take your fill
Of nectar rare—of life's sweet wine.
Nor ask for more, beloved mine,

When hearts beat fast and pulses thrill,
And roses creep with right good will
O'er neck and cheeks and once pale brow.
But ere you sip, dear, you must vow

That I alone must o'er love reign
With you my slave, if oft again
You'd seek the source of love's sweet stream.
For kisses long (so like a dream

Ye gods, how sweet the while they last!)
May end in grief when they are past.
So, sweetheart mine, one head must rule;
Both hearts can love, if one keep cool.

Aye, Bobby knew the truth too well,—
The road to love can lead to hell.
But give this vow, beloved, to me,
And to your arms I'll gladly flee.

LOVE VS. LAW

Law says I must not seek you,
Love says you're only mine;
And which shall rule, the man-made law,
Or God-made law divine?

Law bound you to another,
Love gave you all to me;
Shall priestly cant divide us, dear,
Or shall love set you free?

I would not ask you once, dear,
Did I not know your heart,
And that you scorn the hateful bond
That keeps us far apart.

God made no loveless marriage,
And thoughtlessness of youth
Should not be cursed a lifetime, dear,
But overcome by truth.

And e'en tho law divides us,
Love pleads my case for me.
Shall priestly cant divide us, dear,
Or shall love set you free?

LONGING

Perchance, dear friend, my lines may seem
Unwelcome, since unsought;
But still my heart goes out to thee,
And can it be for naught?

I cannot still my longing, dear,
To be with thee tonight.
I pray that God may keep thee safe
In paths of truth and right.

I cannot still this earnest wish
To place my hand in thine
And see within thine eyes the love
That thou hast said was mine.

What tho 'tis love but for a day?
Can pure love come amiss,
And could it die at close of day
If sanctioned with a kiss?

Can love that's pure e'er dim the day
That gave it birth, sweetheart?
The joy it brought would linger still
And of all life be part.

In future days when love was not,
The heart would still recall
The sweetness of one loving kiss
In which love gave its all.

And so tonight wouldst thou wert here
Sweetheart so far away.
May angels watch and guide thee, dear,
Through every night and day.

A REPLY

You ask of me, did I forget
The days that once we thought so dear.
Dear friend, it sadly grieves me now
That in thy heart should be one fear
Lest I, midst new and binding ties,
Remember not.

A wife was I, and also thou;
And yet that severed not our tie;
And still another sweeter bond
Hath come to both, for you and I
Have kissed sweet childish lips. To both
Came motherhood.

Alike have we each lived our lives
Apart, and yet in love, still one.
Our thoughts for each as firm and true
As when our friendship first begun.
The years now passed since "long ago"
Have been our test.

And glad am I that sorrow great
Has furrowed not thy brow so fair;
Nor hath great sadness come to me.
The silver strands that in my hair
Thou seest, came from time's own touch,
And not from grief.

'Twas in those olden days, dear friend,
I set my love in rhyme for thee.
Today I read those simple lines
I wrote when thou and I were free,
And not a care to come between.
But now we're bound.

And so, my friend, though oft thy heart
Has called to me and I came not,
Yet still my thoughts have been of thee.
My love to thee has gone unsought
Each day. Has not some unseen elf
Told thee my thoughts?

Let thine own heart be judge for thee
When thou must ask "has she forgot?"
Thou knowest well my love is thine.
Cast off all fears, distrust me not.
Thy friend I'll be till death do part;
Till death, dear friend.

MISSING SAMBO

Daylight was grown tired when little Sambo crept away
Just to hear the white folks talk and see their children
play.

Peeking through the fence he sat, and soon fell fast asleep;
When his mammy called him he in slumberland was deep.

She hunts him in the woodshed, but no darkey boy is
found;

He answers not her calling for he's sleeping, Oh so sound.
"He's done gone in the roadside." She goes out there
to see.

But not a sight of kinky head. "Oh where, Oh where is
he?"

"De debil must a cotched him. I find him not a place.

I tinks I hunted eberywhar, but I can't fin' a trace."

She hunted in the cellar, and behind the stove and door.

"Why sure, he must be in the barn." She did not think
before.

She hopes she soon will find him, her little kinky head.
'Tis late and little coon is missing from his trundle bed,
She looks in every horse's stall, and in the hay-mow high.
Then little Sambo wakens up, and gives a sleepy sigh.

When mammy starts back to the house she sees a shadow
small
Just sitting there beside the fence. She gives a joyful
call.
And when he runs to her she hugs his kinky little head,
And now no coon is missing from his little trundle bed.

NEW HOPE

Every morn should bring new hope
That life has been reborn once more,
That all our past, so full of grief
And marred by error, now is o'er.
Every morn should find grief gone
And buried with the night that's past;
For grief and sin live not for aye,
And only love and truth can last,
For both are good and good is God,
And all his laws are wise and just.
Let every morn find hearts refilled
With joy, ambition, love and trust.

MY PROMISE

Last evening the old year lay dying;
His form had grown weary and wan.
We fain would have kept him still longer,
But while we were watching he'd gone.

As Time bore the corpse from our presence
The young, happy New Year came in.
He held in his arms precious talents
And said: "These are yours if you win;

I gladly will give you the moments;
In you lies the power to do;
There's naught to prevent if you say so,
For strength has been given to you.

Accept of the heritage brought you;
Prove worthy, these gifts I'll bestow
At your feet, and you the possessor
Of honor. Will you try ere I go?"

I blushed as I thought of the Old Year,
Of promises made and not kept.
I thought of the hours and days wasted;
I lowered my head and I wept.

But dear, happy New Year then whispered:
 "Don't mourn for the failures you've had;
I know that each mortal is human,—
 That you did not mean to be bad.

So lift up your head and look forward;
 Just try day by day to do right;
The past taught its lessons; forget it.
 Each day of the future is bright."

I listened to pleadings of New Year;
 How could I deny his request?
So bravely I promised. I'm willing
 Each day just to live at my best.

TO — — —

I love you, dear, a love that asks for naught
Save this: to worship you, e'en tho afar;
To pray for you and to look up to you
As an earth-bound soul looks to a heaven-lit star.

I know I have your friendship and your faith;
I know that there are times—tho they be few—
Amidst your busy, noble life career,
You think of me, dear, as I think of you.

You are so good, so tender, patient, kind,
That, when alone, I sit and think of you,
And teardrops fill my eyes;—tho not in grief—
How could I grieve with such a friend that's true?

E'en this were bliss,—to know that I have said
"I love you, dear," and that you chided not
My words, the truth of which you knew long ere
My lips had dared to speak or voice the thought.

I love you dear. Canst know how much, how true?
In secret oft my heart for you does yearn.
I try to stifle all the longing, dear,
And ask, or hope for nothing in return.

And yet I hope, as ages pass away,
And earth bonds break and fade, we'll hear and know
The cry of each, and I may find you, dear,
And finding, keep. For Oh, I love you so.

*TO ARTHUR KELLOGG, THE BLIND
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC*

There is no height to which thou canst not climb,
E'en though thou treadest through a darkened way.
Just work and trust. Have faith in God and self.
The goal must come some sweet and dawning day.

Remember this: More patience must be thine
Than beats in hearts of worldly seeing man;
And yet more glory will be thine, dear friend,
If thou'lt be patient and e'er say "I can."

In knowing thou hast worked where others grieved,
In feeling thou hast bravely borne thy grief,
And all the greater effort thou must make,
Will make the greater joy when comes relief.

So bravely work, nor falter not, my friend;
Oh faint not on life's long and darkened way.
No failure comes to him whose heart is brave.
Look up and trust. Love's light will come some day.

EVENING PRAYER FOR TRUTH SEEKERS' CLUB

We would come, Oh, Lord of Love,
That we might commune with Thee,
And we ask—just for tonight—
That our spirits shall be free

From life's turmoil and its woe,
From its sorrows and its cares;
For we seek more love and peace,
More of patience, more of prayer.

We would see Thee, God of Love,
Glorified in man once more,
Not in man, in one alone,
But in all, and all adore.

Help us consecrate ourselves
That our eyes may see no ill;
Or, if seeing, we may know
Back of *seeming*, good is still.

Help us shut our ears to thoughts
That might crush some human soul
In its upward soaring flight
To a perfect final goal.

To all thoughts impure and low,
And to harsh words we may hear,
Help us answer not in kind;
Help us turn a deafened ear.

Guide our tongues, Oh Lord of Love;
Teach us what and how to say
Thoughts to lighten others' woe,
And make bright some darkened way.

Help us gain, while meeting here,
Strength to do each daily task.
Not a life of pleasure, ease,
Do we come, dear Lord, to ask.

As Thou wilt, so would we do.
Not one duty shall we slight.
Keep us loving, brave and true.
Guide and bless each one tonight.

PREPARED FOR WAR

Each day our army, navy calls
Our sons from home, our sweethearts, too,
Lest conflict comes and finds us weak;
"Prepared for war." Ah, yes; 'tis true.

Our homes made weak, our dollars spent,
That we may be prepared to kill;
Each nation seeks to rival each
In battleships with hearty will.

Oh what a good world this might be
If every nation spent as much
Of time and money to have peace;
Each bound to each by love's sweet touch.

It always has been, always may,
That what we give comes back again;
We're crowned, but for a day by force;
When crushed we moan our loss and pain.

"The Moslems"—once a word for fear,
As Turkey, Spain, they overswept;
But where today that race of strength?
A conquered people and unwept.

"All roads lead into Rome," 'twas said;
She ruled the world with mighty pride;
But where today those Romans great?
Oh Rome has fallen. Her power has died.

Napoleon won his fame by force;
Napoleon, once a nation's pride—
By force was conquered, and the rights
Of home and native land denied.

Old England thought to crush us once,
But with the sword we proved our might,
And o'er this land our flag still waves
Proclaiming that our cause was right.

And so today we reign supreme;
Tomorrow—who, alas! can say?
We hear faint rumors that Japan
Is watching and may come our way.

But this I know: if war should come
We'll prove our strength, or fighting, fall.
God grant sometime the day will come
We'll have no need for war at all,

And every nation have no foe,
But brothers every man shall be.
God give us peace, a worldwide peace,
From fear of war we'll then be free.

LIFE'S MUSIC

In life's fair fitful morn, we first
Sing joyous strains, in tones most sweet;
No minor melody is ours,
But joy and love and hope we greet.

Our nimble fingers play with ease
Each note. Each chord, a hope new born,
Rings loud and clear beneath our touch,
In life's fair, hopeful, happy morn.

A parent's love attunes our hearts,
And turns not sorrow's sadder page.
The dirges come in later life.
The postlude comes, but comes with age.

In anxious haste we turn the page
To newer notes, yet knowing not
That, at the end, we fain would choose
The first bright strains that we were taught.

Our life seems one long dream of love;
The music's page, a sweet refrain,
O'er which we linger lovingly,
And beg to play that part again.

A master's hand slow turns the page,
And lo! the time and key have turned
To minor, with its low, sad chords.
The grief of life our soul has learned.

We play the part adagio,
While on our hand the teardrops fall,
And youth and hope and love seem gone,—
We sadly ask: where are they all.

We pause to see if hands more skilled
Will take our place that we might rest,
Or search for strains of joyous vein;
But fate refuses our request.

A master's kindly voice says: "No,
No hero he who falters now;
No artist he who fails the test;
No laurel decks the coward's brow.

Each one must play what he began."
And so we take our work again;
Mid blinding tears we see the notes
And play the end of life's sad strain.

And when the tones triumphant end,
And life's concerto is all done,
And on our brow the laurel wreath
That we have gladly, nobly won,

The master takes our weary hands
In his own kindly, gentle grasp,
And gladly, proudly, says: "Well done,
Dear heart, well done has been thy task.

Thou knowest what I knew so well:—
That minor must be played by all,
Ere we can know what major means,
For saddened strains must come to all.

In life's concerto all must learn
The two most fitly, wisely blend;
And he who plays both parts with care,
Is glad for both when comes the end."

TIME AND SPACE

Space is only of man's making,
Earth an atom of the whole;
Life herein is but a moment;
So-called death is not the goal.

Man made terms delay no progress
Tho their truth we may avow.
Time and space are only seeming;
We express ourselves in now,

For today is ours; tomorrow
Where or what, we cannot tell,
And the past beyond recalling;
Let us live the present well.

Let us do each day the duties
That will make for honest truth;
Grieve no past; nor fear no future;
Live today life's happy youth.

Keep our conscience free from grieving
Over good we have not done.
Tho we strive with sin's temptations,
Let's rejoice o'er victories won.

HOW LONG IS DAY

The day is long and dark and drear
When love has died without one tear;
When hearts thrill not when cheeks are kissed,
When longing lips their ksses have missed.

The day is long when all in vain
Love waits a step that ne'er comes again.
When hearts must ache and eyes must weep
And o'er a bier their vigil keep.

Aye, long the day when forms are bent
By toil and grief the world has sent,
And when no aid man gives to man,
And self for self does all it can.

But short the day, and joy it gives
When hope exists and true love lives;
When each lone heart has found its mate
And love's reward is not "too late."

Aye short the day when hearts are filled
With human brotherhood, and thrilled
By pressure of one grateful hand
That otherwise would lonely stand.

No day is long, tho eyes do weep
And o'er death's coffin vigil keep,
If we but knew that it is best
Our dear ones leave earth's trials to rest

Within another sphere where we,
Perchance, may touch them not or see,
Till our earth mission is complete,
When we again our loved will meet.

A loveless life—a dreary way;
A love-kissed life brings joy each day.
Aye, long the day if hope is dead,
But short, when hope by love is fed.

MAKE HEAVEN EACH DAY

Joyfully, cheerfully, work your way 'long,
Making companions more bright by your song,
Fleeing from sadness and gloom all the while,
Meeting alike friend and foe with a smile.

See how the sun shines o'er valley and hill;
E'en tho the rain pours, the sun's shining still;
List to the birds as they carol their lay.
Life can be gladsome. To grief just say nay.

See how the buds wave their bright fragrant heads;
Catch the white flakes that the apple tree sheds;
Drink in the perfume of lily and rose;
Kneel to the pansy that modestly grows.

Yes, this old world is one sweet, joyous song;
Join its refrain as you journey along.
Love has been kind to you; share with your friends;
Nothing you have is yours,—God only lends.

Blessings are multiplied when they are shared;
Bright, happy hearts to the world should be bared.
Smile 'long life's pathway, and smiles will come back.
Give pleasant words, and no kindness you'll lack.

Happy, contented, with all that fate gives;
Cheerful and kind to each creature that lives.
Shun all that's sad, or dispel it by cheer;
Always give sunshine; help banish all fear.

Thankfully, cheerfully, work your way 'long;
Make all the world bright by kindness and song;
Don't preach a heaven that's far, far away.—
Make it right here on earth. Make it each day.

BEGGARS AT THE GATE OF GOLD

At the golden gate the beggars sit;
Yet they were men once noble, true,
With hearts unscathed by misers' greed,
When life was young, and love was true.

Life's pathway seemed so long to them,
And wealth a treasure hard to get;
And as the days passed slowly by,
Greed wove around their hearts a net.

And for a time they tried to free
Their captive hearts, but all in vain;
For ere they broke the fetters loose,
Like Lot, they turned to look again.

And looked and longed, as all men do
Who taste the first red cup of wine;
They reached and finding what they sought,
Rejoiced a fortune they thought fine.

Then not content with what they had,
Began to reach and grasp again,
And failed to see their greed destroyed
Their better selves; for Love, now slain,

Was never known to move their hearts
With pity toward their fellow-men
As it had done in days gone by.
Love crushed by greed dies hard. So when,

As time passed by and years had gone,
Their weary forms were laid to rest,
And they were placed in caskets fine,
(Their bodies clothed in suits the best)

Their souls passed on to heaven's gate;
St. Peter would not let them in,
But bade them take earth forms again
And first atone for all their sin.

He sent them to the gate of gold,
Where they must beg their alms each day;
And, till their hearts are true and pure
And freed from greed, there they must stay.

TO MR. AND MRS. F.

In long years ago, aye, 'tis fifty now,
 When life seemed but one gladsome truth,
And both your hearts beat fast with joy,
 In the golden glow of happy youth,

Were your lives united in one sweet bond.
 You had no gloom nor ghastly fear
Lest plighted faith might sadly stray
 And leave one heart alone and drear.

And though both have tasted of sorrow's cup,
 Your hearts ne'er yielded to despair;
And though your golden locks are gray,
 Still to your eyes the world is fair.

You are still united in love and life;
 Your youth-born hope has proven true;
And love is sweet and home is dear.
 Today that vow you breathe anew.

And today we give you three hearty cheers;
 For in this age, though vows are made,
They're sadly kept, or, not at all;
 For husbands, wives, have wrongly strayed.

But these fifty years of your union prove
That love is true and can endure
All trials, if each will truly try
And if each heart is brave and pure.

And today you sit in life's eventide,
And all its lessons have been learned;
And all its trials have been well met,
And you a rich reward have earned.

Though the graying gloom of your life seems near,
We wish its ending far away.
May health, and joy, and peace be yours
We all would wish for you today.

LIVE YOUR SERMONS

Oh there are folks we see each day
Who have a creed, or so they say,
That just would fit our special need,—
Altho it seems they do not heed

(Except one day) the creed they preach
And to their friends so freely teach.
Now what care I for cult or creed
That does not help each daily need;

That does not make life seem more sweet
If not for me—for those I meet;
That does not teach the good in all
The joys and sorrows that befall

Each heart as lone it treads its path
From earth on to Love's aftermath.
Now when their creed does not teach this
I'm sure I'd very gladly miss

Their sermons and their texts so long,
Altho, perchance, they're not all wrong,
(For every sermon has some good
That we should seek, I'm sure we could.)

But when they prove their texts by deeds,
And try to heal all human needs,
And not take all their time to preach,
I'll gladly list to what they teach.

Oh don't be always preaching, friends,
But live the creed you preach. It lends
To creeds a better, stronger play,
And proves the worth of what you say.

THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE

The highways and byways are blooming and bright;
Earth's roses are blowing o'er dale and o'er dell;
Their perfumes are carried on wings of the wind;
Each blossom is opening, each budlet will swell.

But soon comes the season when earth will be brown;
Each flower will fade, and each petal will fall;
For God made no season to last the year round,
And each hath its glory and beauty for all.

The highways of life can be blooming and bright
If we will but nourish love's roses so sweet;
If we will but scatter kind words and sweet smiles,
Thus brightening the pathway for many tired feet.

Alas! On some highways are trampled and torn
The blossoms that might have been blooming so fair
Had selfishness, envy, deceit, and distrust
Been thwarted, not nourished and given most care,

Thus crowding and crushing out tenderer plants
Whose seeds God hath sown in each young childish
heart.

E'en weeds hath their blossoms and beauty therein,
If we will but seek for the beauty apart.

And no life so saddened but still hath some joy
If we will but shut from our minds all the grief,
And share with the world the few blessings we have;
Those blessings will grow, and thy heart give relief.

Then seek for the sunshine, that blossoms may bloom
And brighten thy pathway that others might see,
And seeing, do likewise. Were each pathway dark,
A dreary and desolate world this would be.

We make of this life what we wish, you and I;
It rests with each one to make his pathway bright,
To give of his gloom, or to share of his joy,
And each full of sunshine, the whole will be right.

Breathe blessings of brightness. Give no room to grief.
Leave self to thy Maker. Make others thy care.
Make not of life's pathway a barren waste brown,
But give of love's roses, rich, radiant, and rare.

GRIEVE NOT

Why need you stand and moan for hours misspent
And waste the present in a vain regret?
No tears e'er blotted out one deed of shame
That on the pages of the past was set.

A coward he who moans and grieves a past;
No hero he who sheds a useless tear;
A child would whine and grieve a plaything gone,—
A man would greet the present without fear.

If you your past misdeeds can see, and know
Wherein you erred, tho at the time so blind,
This wisdom is the lesson of your sins
To heed, but not with grieving blur your mind.

The duties of today alone are yours;
Don't dim its sunshine by a cloud that's set;
The dead past has been buried; let it rest;
Retain its lessons, but all else forget.

The battlefield of now is facing you,
And you should falter not, but bravely fight.
But meet no tempter with a tearful eye;
Just forward march for conscience and the right.

AT NIGHT

I never really care to pray
Like you—unto a power on high,
Save, as each night, my baby lays
Asleep in bed, and I sit nigh.

And then I think of all the things
That through the day she's said and done;
Of little griefs, so very few,
And all her merry tricks for fun;

Of kisses given on my neck
And on my lips and cheeks and brow,
Or, if I'm busy, kisses blown
To me, by lips so silent now.

And then I wonder if the years
Will dim that sweet impulsive glee,
Or give to me one kiss the less,—
Those kisses all so dear to me.

I wonder if those gray-blue eyes,
Like me will weep such bitter tears;
Or will life's sorrow crush her soul,
Or fill her heart with darkened fears.

I would not ask no grief be hers;
Too well I know each heart is tried
By sorrows' tears to bring the best;
By grief I'd have her not denied,

Tho gladly I would suffer all
Could that make her both brave and true.
But this is not the law of life;
Each heroine has work to do.

But Oh, I pray that Power divine
To make her strong when comes the test;
And may she never once become
A narrow, bitter pessimist.

Oh, may those slumbering eyes ne'er see
(No matter how much they must weep)
Aught else than good in all that is;
Her faith in good I pray she'd keep.

Oh, Power Divine, help me to teach
Her what is truth, and what is right;
And may a mother's effort thus
E'er be to her a guiding light.

THE NEED OF THE WORLD

Oh give us men,—not sluggish men
Who breathe and move each day,
And tread the path their fathers trod,
Nor seek a better way,
Who never sin, as we call “sin,”
Yet never upward soar,
But tread with aimless, listless feet
The same path o’er and o’er.

The world needs men of brain and brawn,
Who, aiming high, may sink,
Yet dauntless, daring, rise again;
Who have great minds to think,
And thinking, lead the world above
To heights unseen, unknown,
And undiscovered, save for these
Great hearts thus proved and shown.

Oh give us men who know the needs
Of hearts crushed with despair
And cannot go, but sink beneath
The burdens they must bear.
Aye, give us men, the manly men.
The world needs leaders strong
To guide, uplift, encourage,
And help the truth along.

TO MR. AND MRS. H.

Oct. 1.

Fifty years of life together,
Years of bright and stormy weather;
Yet today you gladly stand
Side by side and hand in hand.

Both together bore your crosses,
Grieved together o'er your losses,
Shared the joys that came your way,
Hand in hand through life to stay.

Tho you passed through stormy weather
Yet 'twas brief; for both together
Faced the doubt, and grief, and fear;
And the storms made each more dear.

With your friends you shared your gladness,
Cheered the sick, relieved their sadness;
Thus your fifty years have passed
Tho it seems they've gone so fast.

Aye, perchance your lives are fading,
Yet the future has no shading;
In your hearts hold not a fear
For love binds you ever near.

Even tho' the years are flitting,
Closer still your hearts are knitting,
And the web of life you've spun
Will be worthy when 'tis done.

And your love makes our hearts lighter,
And your lives this old world brighter.
Fifty cheers we give for you,—
Friends so noble, brave and true.

THE WOMEN OF THE FUTURE

We talk of saints and sinners vile,
And say "'tis just their way;"
But what the woman of tomorrow is
Depends on us today.

If we are false and fickle both,
Made up of shams and paint,
I'm sure the woman of tomorrow will
Not be a perfect saint.

Deceit ne'er made one beautiful,
Nor falsehood made one pure;
And if the women of today are false
Our girls will be, I'm sure.

If we are thoughtful, tender, wise,
Sincere in all we do,
I'm sure our daughters of the future years
Will earnest be and true.

If we live lives of virtue, friends,
And search for knowledge true,
The things we seek, and love to study most
Our girls will study, too.

And they, our growing daughters dear,
Must build the future race;
And if it totters on a throne that's weak,
Back to our door they'll trace

And find foundations false, that we
So thoughtlessly had laid.
Then let us rouse our listless selves to work,
Lest failure we have made,

And they, our darlings, suffer much
For this—our careless sin.
Let us be thoughtful, earnest, ever true.
Today let us begin.

The women of the future years
Will be what we have made.
God grant that all our lessons may be wise,
And strongly, truly laid.

ALL ONE

There is no this life and another
For all is one—one up and on.
Yes, onward to the great perfection
Whene'er our fleeting breath is gone.

There is no death, 'tis but transition.
The plant is but developed seed.
There is no line of demarcation,—
The seed is germ, the fruit is feed.

The snowflake falls on earth's warm bosom
And on its warm heart melts away,
Or rather changes in appearance,—
In substance just the same alway.

The oak is but a tiny acorn
Developed by the rain and sun,
Through days and weeks and many seasons,—
Just larger grown, and yet all one.

The spirit is the same forever,
Altho it from the mortal strays.
The flesh and blood belong to earth life
But not to other mystic ways.

And so like acorn, seed, and snowflake,
It casts aside its outward cloak,
And just goes on its way rejoicing,
As from the acorn goes the oak.

There is no this life and another,
For 'tis all one—all one—the same;
And what to you makes it seem dual
Is just the changing of its name.

BOTH BEST

I would not wish the shadows gone,
 Altho I grope in dark;
For I have learned, through bitter tears
And long and dark foreboding fears
 That they are best.

I would not wish my sorrows gone
 From out my saddened past,
For through that grief I've found my strength,
And tho I fought it long, at length
 I learned 'twas best.

I would not wish my life all joy,
 All sunshine, and all peace;
For it would clog and tire the brain,
And then, methinks, I'd wish for rain;
 For both are best.

We have not learned the test of life
 Until we learn all's good;
Until we know that joy is sweet,
But without tears is not complete;
 For both are best.

COULD I GO BACK

Could I go back again, sweetheart,
And live the long ago
When we both promised to be true,
(For then I loved you so,)

Back to the day you kissed my brow
In love's sweet yesterday,
I wonder if your touch would thrill
Me in the same old way.

Could we go back again, sweetheart,
And think the same old thought,
Without one fear of all the grief
That time to both has brought,

Would going back thus bring us joy?
Sometimes I think it might.
And someday, thoughts of those dead days
Bring teardrops as I write.

Not that I grieve our broken tryst,
For, dear, it could not be;
My life is best away from you
And yours apart from me.

But mem'ry of the childhood love
And hope, can never die.
I would not blot it from my heart;
You could not, tho you try.

I mourn not for the love once ours;
But for each hope that's slain
I shed a tear; for this I know,
It cannot come again.

LIFE

Life is not a dreary desert,
Not a bleak and barren waste,
But a forest green and growing
To the one who goes through knowing,
Seeking, what it is we taste.

If we keep our eyes cast downward
We can see the thorns and weeds;
We can feel each briar and bramble,
At each scratch can moan and tremble
Like a thief caught at his deeds.

But if we'll seek a pathway
That leads out through verdant bowers,
Where the lofty trees are swaying,
And the winds 'midst branches playing
We can find a path of flowers.

Turn thee henceward; see hope gleaming.
Pause not once to grieve or wait.
Let ambition guide thee onward,
Not temptation drag thee downward,
Though sin shows a gilded gate.

Life has pathways that are pleasant;

Look beyond thee and around.

Let no secret sin nor sorrow

Find thee on its track tomorrow.

Seek the paths where joys abound,

Yet where virtue holds its kingdom,

(The path that leads to heaven above).

Come not weeping; best come singing

And but hope and good thoughts bringing;

Then thou'lt find the path of love.

OUR BOYS OF '61

No camp fire dots the valley,
 The Shenandoah valley wide;
No sentries guard the sleeping camps
 Or list to soldiers' stride.

The war fields now are vacant;
 The fire and drum are still
That led our marching heroes on
 To fight with right good will.

The battle guns are silent;
 Our heroes stood their test.
The men who answered Lincoln's call
 Are marching now to rest.

Yes, some are silent sleeping;
 For in the ranks are gaps
That time has made, as our brave men
 Respond to sound of taps.

And o'er their beds are flowers,—
 The choicest blooms we give
To them—our men who bravely died
 That we as one might live.

Aye, let the world sing proudly
Its pæan for our brave
Who fought for freedom's cause and won,—
E'en tho their lives they gave.

Aye, let us swell the chorus
Of praise, and loud hurrahs
For our brave men who suffered much
And fought for such a cause.

MY CREED

Where worship I? What cult believe?
My creed, dear brother, do you ask?
To answer this needs but a line
And 'tis, I'm sure, an easy task.

No man-named church or creed have I;
I only worship love divine,
And love all men as I'd be loved.
This all the creed that I call mine.

What need I, friend, for more than this?
Thus living, I could wrong no single life
While knowing we are brothers all,—
One God, one aim, one hope, one life.

So no four walls alone can claim
This creed I try to live as mine.
No single book alone can prove
Its right to claim this law divine.

Our Christ Himself said what was old,
And Buddha spoke the same old thought:
"Do not to men thou wouldst not have—"
Its origin—I care it not.

But this I know : when rightly lived,
The golden rule is all we need ;
And tho no church do I condemn,
I seek no saner, better creed.

HOW DOES LOVE SPEAK?

How does love speak?
Perchance you'd say by blushing cheeks,
And manner coy, averted eye,
And bounding pulse that throbs and beats
With ardor strange when "he" comes nigh?
In tender pressure of the lips,
In new-born gentleness of voice,
And ling'ring touches hand in hand,—
A love that makes the heart rejoice.

How does love speak?
It speaks most loud in kindly acts
To all mankind, and loving deeds ;
Because of this great love new born
All cries for help it gladly heeds,
And shares with all its bounteous store
Of love and thoughtful tenderness.
Aye, blushes tell that love is born,
But love speaks best in acts that bless.

TO PAULINE

Little dimpled, brown-eyed Pauline,
Summers two sit on thy brow;
Mirth unmingled with a sorrow
Is allotted to thee now.

Not one shadow in thy sunshine,
Save, perhaps, a tear or two
Just to make thy smiles the sweeter,
Just a drop of childhood dew.

Darling little happy Pauline,
Life and love hath made thee blest
In thy gladsome days of childhood.
May the years bring what is best.

Not all joy would we wish for thee,
For each hero must endure,
And a heroine we'd have thee,—
Noble, sweet, and ever pure.

Little brown-eyed baby Pauline,
Two years crown thy life today.
May love guide and guard and bless thee
All the years of life's long way.

THE MAN IN THE MANSION

If the man of great poverty hath naught to share,
If with cold he is shaking, his hands numb and bare,
If he thinks of life's pleasures for him there are none
From the dawn of the day to the setting of sun,
When he thinks of these things, (he will grieve as he
thinks),

Then his courage oft fails him, his spirit oft sinks.

But remember,

If the man in the hovel hath trials to bear,
So hath the man in the mansion.

If the hut of the poor man is dingy and dim,
Yet hath love that will lighten life's pathway for him,
No need he to care for the palaces great,
Where fountains are sparkling and carriages wait,
Where breezes are sweet with the perfume of blooms,
Yet love lingers not in those richly decked rooms.

For remember,

If the man in the hovel hath love in his home
Perchance there is none in the mansion.

After all what is wealth? If the heart hath its grief
And is sordid and narrow, can the wealth give relief?
When the sunshine falls only on carpets so rare,
When the life is all darkened by sorrow and care,

The rich man may live in a great splendid hell,
And bear all its tortures; he, only, could tell.

But remember,
That if true love will lighten the load for the poor,
'Twill also for him in the mansion.

Envy not. Though in hovel or in hut thou art placed,
Let the sweat of toil honest stand out on thy brow;
Let thy heart beat with willingness. Grasp every chance.
When thou seest without envy the rich in thy glance
Thou wilt know that their cup holds its bitterness, too,
And that fate hath not dealt so unjustly with you.

And remember,
That the man in the hovel hath trials to bear,
And so hath the man in the mansion.

SACRIFICE

Is that a sacrifice

By which we yield some cherished joy today
And gain some greater power by which we live
And living right, cast all that's false away?

Today we say "a sacrifice,"

But as tomorrow brings us wisdom, strength,
We know it as it is, a stepping stone
To lead us up and on to peace at length.

There is no sacrifice.

When we do aught and name it such
'Tis sordid selfishness, unmixed with love;
'Tis crowding Christ out from our deed too much.

There is no sacrifice.

When love prompts deeds both kind and true
The heart is filled with joy that we can do
This thing as Jesus did with love that's true.

Love knows no sacrifice.

Hence there is none. For God is love and we,
A part of Him and He of us, do naught
Save as His spirit prompts to do and be.

AN ANSWER

I live my life as fate elects;
My conscience bound; my heart rejects
Some laws (by church and custom made)
And some environment that's laid

So near my narrow, briar-decked path.
Perchance when comes the aftermath
I, wiser grown, will say 'twas good,
And would not change it if I could.

Tho even now I might be "free,"
Yet it would grieve those dear to me.
Yes, no atonement in my creed.
From my own sins I will be freed

When conscience says no more I sin.
This victory I alone must win.
No Christ was Jesus more than I,
A good wise man I'll not deny.

He came in that old-fashioned way
And "died" as we all must some day.
'Twas His, 'tis mine, the right to do
The best we can life's journey through.

He stronger, wiser far than I.
Is my example, and I try
To live the Golden Rule He taught;
For better creed, I seek it not.

LIFE'S MIRACLE

The making of the mountains,
A view for artist's hand,
Niagara's rushing waters,
A scene both weird and grand,
The rushing trains o'er prairies,
Boats floating on the sea,
The airships in the heavens,
All miracles may be.
But parenthood's the greatest
Of miracles to me.

A STORY IN RHYME—THE VIOLIN

At last it has come, it has come, aye, to this,
That you, the companion of my youth, must be sold,
For even a woman dreads death by starvation,
And I am a woman, and hungry, and cold,

Oh long have I lain in this cold, chilly hut,
The world caring little that I starved or I died;
Yet I left the world when I sank as a drunkard,
When all of God's laws I disdained and defied.

And yet it was love that first dragged my soul down;
And wine cheered my heart in the depths of despair.
It made me forgetful that he was still living,
Aye, made me forget life had been aught save fair.

And so I would drink till my mem'ry grew dull,
Forgetful of all that I had loved, save you;
No sorrow has severed us, naught came between us,
Oh friend of my childhood, whose heart sings so true.

When he, my false lover came back to my room
Once more, just to look on the thing he had made,
My heart boiled within me; I knew he was married.
I took my one weapon from the stand where it laid

And shot him ere conscience could stop me, or stay;
He fell at my feet, a poor, warm breathless heap,
I paused to get you, then I fled to this city,
And here in this rat-ridden hole I must keep,

Lest officers finding the carcass I left
Might seek me and drag me away to their pen;
For that I would not care if they still left you with me,
In jail I'd not freeze, nor would hungry be then.

The man who has given me the last food I had
Has offered to buy you for one hundred straight;
And I? Dare I sell you? Oh God, I am hungry!
Why waste all these words? I will go, tho 'tis late.

My hands are so cold I can scarce shut the lid;
My old faded shawl will conceal me from view;
The night is so dark; it is raining and stormy;
Wait! Sing one farewell ere I part now from you.

Yes, sing the old song that my mother once loved.
Your tones are as faultless and as true as of old.
'Tis I that am faulty and weakened by hunger;
I shiver. My hands are both shaking with cold.

Why linger? I'll go. I will get gold to buy food;
I act like a child o'er this small piece of wood;
I'll open the door and go forth—what is this?
A paper blown in by the storm; 'tis no good—

But see! There's his name, and perchance tells his death
"John Simmons' recovery assured"—"no clue to the
foe."

"The invalid says that he knew not the stranger"—
Thank God I've not killed him. And now I can go,

Go back to the home of my childhood once more ;
Will start once again in the battle of life.
No murderer I. I can seek work that's honest.
With you to go with me, I'll enter the strife.

BE A LEADER

Make your own destiny. Choose your own road.
Though it be great, ever bear your own load.
Follow the multitude not like a sheep.
Be your own master ; your own conscience keep.

Doubt not your power to march forth alone
When others falter ; the strength is your own.
All the world's heroes have pushed on ahead.
Be your own leader. Don't be the led.

Force not the world to march onward with you ;
Maybe your pathway for them is not true.
Let your light shine. Make your pathway so bright
The world will all follow when it sees you are right.

TO MRS. E. H. G.

This brings a morning greeting—
A thought: I love you, dear.
And may it make your morn more bright
And to each day bring cheer.

From out the vast assemblies
That listen to your voice
And praise your words so full of truth,
I'm one to hear, rejoice.

And though I'm only one, dear,
That worships at your shrine,
To know you think of me as friend
Brings joy to heart of mine.

And so I send this greeting,
Although I feel you knew,
Yet some way I would word it now,
'Tis this: dear, I love you.

And as the hours go by, dear,
I know I'll be more true,
More tender, thoughtful, loving, kind,
Because of meeting you.

My hours shall be more gladsome;
Life's skies will be more blue;
The goal of truth shall seem more near
Because—because of you.

MY WORK

Let me have conscience and courage to think
Thoughts that can help and not hinder the race.
I am but one in this world's mighty throng,
Yet in the midst of it all I've a place.

This is my work: just to fill my niche well.
Is my brain useless or have I well thought?
Are my hands still when there's much to be done?
In these few fleeting years, what have I wrought?

JAMIE

Jamie, darling, thou hast left me,
For no more I see thy face,
And at times my heart is bitter;
Teardrops leave their briny trace.

And yet, darling, thou art with me
Every day and every hour,
Though my eyes cannot detect thee,
Having not this greater power.

But I know the tie that bound us
Would not break and let thee go,
For I loved thee, Jamie, darling,
Oh I loved thee, loved thee so.

And because I loved thee truly
I will put all grief away;
In my heart and home, my darling,
Shall no sorrow longer stay.

I'll not dim thy spirit presence
By my useless, vain regret;
I'll not bind thee with my grieving,
And no longer will I fret.

Just because I loved thee, Jamie,
And because I know thou'lt know,
I will shut my heart to sorrow.
I am sure you'd have it so.

Jamie, darling, see—I'm smiling.
Lay thy spirit face near mine.
For no more by silent sorrow
Will I grieve that soul of thine.

VISION PROPHEPIC

In the evening of the present
I see a dawn ahead;
No weak and starving workmen
By monied classes led.

I see no toiling slavery,
For men at last are free;
No more are they mere chattels
As once they used to be.

The thrones of kings have fallen,
And honest people reign;
And past "kings" are the brothers
Who toil for men—not gain.

I see a world where labor
Can win its just reward;
And since all men are brothers
No men need work too hard.

There is no hungry beggar
With empty, outstretched hand;
I see not e'en one miser
With jewels, gold and land.

The wailing cry of childhood
No longer do I hear,
For human love has conquered
And wiped away the tear.

No more I hear the war drums;
I see a world at peace;
And soldiers from their fetters
Have gladly found release.

No sweatshops for the women,
Or factory hours long;
They're at their rightful mission,
With love and home their song.

Their homes are all so happy;
Our women all are there
At work as wives and mothers,
All healthy, happy, fair.

Perchance, this view prophetic
Seems foolish unto you;
But wait and watch, my brothers,
Some day it may come true.

TO — —, OF ST. LOUIS

Thy path and mine lies far apart,
Though words of mine may cheer thy heart
And bring one bright and fitting ray
To brighten life's long weary way.

And yet the path need not seem long
If to the world thou'lt sing love's song.
Thy sorrows others, too, have borne.
The crown of thorns by Christ was worn.

He lives again in you and me
If that divine we search to see.
Then go thy way. Just work and smile.
God's blessing guard thee all the while.

A life is made of joys and tears,
Of griefs, and hopes, and pain, and fears.
May what is best for thee be thine.
'But this I hope, Oh friend of mine,

That thou hast quaffed from our grief's cup
Thy share, and need not longer sup,
But drink love's nectar, rich and rare;
God keep thee worthy, is my prayer.

THE DAISY

I passed along a roadside,
All dusty brown and bare;
My heart was tired and heavy
With many trials and care.

At last I found a daisy,
Its snow-white round the gold;—
The bloom whose lasting beauty
By poets has been told.

And as I watched it waving
In summer breezes hot,
To me it taught a lesson
As I stood there in thought.

The soil around was barren—
The grass seemed dead and dry;
And save that lonely daisy
No sight of bloom was nigh.

And yet that sun-kissed blossom
Still waved its gleam of white
And sent from heart so golden
Its share of beauty bright.

Oh that we might do likewise
And grow where'er we're placed,
And shed a light around us
E'en though by trials faced.

THE MAN WHO SHIRKS

I've met with many kinds of folks
 Along life's journey here;
The one who growls; the one who smiles
 And gives a word of cheer;

The one who never has had luck
 In anything he works.
But of them all I like the least
 The careless man who shirks.

At home he's late in getting up;
 His wife must build the fires,
Must carry water, split the wood,
 And have what he desires.

In church he likes the sermons fine;
 He's always in his seat;
As to the music that is sung,
 He says 'tis hard to beat.

But when the plate is passed around
 By deacons or by clerks,
He's praying hard, with eyes tight shut;
 The dues he always shirks.

And at the lodge, when lunch is served
He always wants his share;
But when the lodge has work to do
He's—well—he's never there.

I wonder when comes judgment day
And he ascends on high
And old St. Peter calls the roll
Will he be standing nigh?

I'd say, if I were Peter then,
"You're known by your past works,
And there is no admission here,
For you—the man who shirks."

LOVE

In the dawning of love's morning
 When life's loneliness has fled,
And all grief has gone a gloaming
 To its grave by death is led,
Then the heart with joy is beating,
 And life seems one gladsome day,
In the dawning of love's morning.
 Oh, that love would come and stay!

In the nooning of love's living
 When all hopes have blossomed bright,
And the clouds have turned their linings
 And all life seems glad and bright,
Then the hand forgets its cunning,
 Thinking love has come to stay.
Oh, that it could come and tarry
 And would live and love for aye.

In the evening of love's dying,
 When its steps have fainter grown,
As it tarries in its going
 Ere it leaves the heart so lone,
Then all life seems cheerless, hopeless;
 Then the heart moans out its cry;
For love's eventide is passing.
 Cherish it or it will die.

In the midnight of love's slumber
It seems buried dark and deep;
And the hearts, so faint and weary
O'er its grave a vigil keep.
But when they can still their grieving
And look up and on afar,
They will see in yonder portals
Of the future love's sweet star

For the rainbow of its promise
Ever sits behind the fears,
Though they let sweet hope be hidden
By the flowing of their tears.
Every night must have a morning,
And love's death is not for aye.
Sorrow comes. Joy must follow.
All the night just watch for day

WHEN WAR CALLS MEN TO ARMS

When war calls men to arms to fight,
'Tis bloody war for sinful greed
To test the fighting strength of men,
And their blood-seeking natures feed.

And in its wake of wrong and death
Comes famine for the poor and weak;
And for the rich, who dared not fight,
Comes wealth that they so gladly seek.

They own the food the widows eat;
They have the gold the nation needs,
And at a price they set themselves,
They loan and call it generous deeds.

When love calls men to arms to fight,
True hearts respond, not one draws back;
The motive pure appeals to all;
Love says "brave men no courage lack

When force alone **MUST** rule to win."
But when 'tis nations fighting each
And caring not the men they kill,
And when 'tis gold or gain they reach

To grasp within their bloody hands,
 'Tis time, methinks, for heroes brave
(Who love the right and truth and peace)
 To say: "I will not fill one grave.

No wife shall wear a widow's weeds
 By act of mine. No little child
Shall through my rush to country's call
 Shed e'en one tear, or cry out wild

With grief." Oh let us pause to think:
 If I and all my brother men
Heed not the nation's call to arms,
 Refuse to fight its wars, 'tis then

Some other plan will be devised;
 Our nation great will quickly find
No need for war, or else 'twill seek
 Some other method far more kind

Than calling forth at its sweet will
 Our men to test our fighting strength,
And causing desolation great,
 And bringing grief and death at length.

And though you call me rash and wrong,
 I boldly, firmly take my stand:
When wicked wars call men to arms
 I will not fight for any land;

But when love calls, as Jesus taught,
 And only when true love has need,
Will I march forth for God and right,
 Will I bear arms and war's call heed.

And though you say all wars are right,
I answer not. But this I know:
When honor needs, I'll heed the cry;
When love calls men to arms I'll go.

ALL WE NEED

Love, my friend, is all we need,
Love, Christ-love, is all to heed.
It will brighten all the day
And make short the world's long way.
What thou art will rest with thee,
When this truth thy heart can see,
God's sweet love will guide thy life,
And make thee strong for any strife.
Love of self makes narrow hearts,
Self from self Christ-love e'er parts.
Each for all the creed He taught,
Human brotherhood he sought—
Love thy brother as thy self.
Do no deed for praise or pelf.
Lift thy brother's load of grief;
Soon thy heart will find relief.
Bravely share thy brother's load;
Brighter thou wilt find thy road.
Love, my friend, is all we need;
Love, Christ-love, is all to heed.

IT'S NOBODY'S BUSINESS

"It's nobody's business," you say, "but theirs
How wealth is made by millionaires;
We have no right to view the scene,
Or ask the law to draw the screen
Between the men who make the gold
And those who all the riches hold."
Ah! though the step between the two
Is short and seldom held to view,
Yet crime, and death, and hell are there.
It is our business and we should care.

It is our business if men must toil
From dawn to dark, till hearts recoil
With hate of these—our country's laws
So hard, so stern, so full of flaws
To crush the men who toil each day
And give the monied man his way.
It IS our business that greed does hold
Our men in bondage just for gold.
And though our husband, our son is free,
Still 'tis our business. Oh can't you see?

"It's nobody's business," I hear you say,
"If helpless babes are born each day
That, ere a year has slow passed by,
Must suffer, starve for food, and die.

It's no one's business save their own
If those poor mothers weep and moan,
And then 'at death's grim call they yield
Those babes to lie in Potter's field."
It's not your business, do you say?
May God help you on judgment day.

The Christ should reign within your heart
And bid such selfish love depart;
Then you would see the sorrow, woe,
That brothers, sisters, daily know,
And seeing, you would take their hand
And lead them to a firmer stand
Where greed could bind no human heart,—
Where bribes and tyranny depart.
It IS your business, day and night,
To give relief and wrong make right.

It IS YOUR BUSINESS how women slave
From childhood's dawn till at the grave.
IT IS YOUR BUSINESS when men need aid.
Ah! From Christ's fold I fear you've strayed.
It was His business. 'Tis yours and mine.
Shall we not heed the call divine?
"Go feed my sheep" on highways bare.
Go! "Love thy neighbor" everywhere.
It IS YOUR BUSINESS, dear friends, AND MINE,
To do as did the Christ divine.

MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN

If people seem selfish
The trouble's your own;
Demand the world's notice
And make yourself known.

In churches go forward,
Don't take a back seat
And wait for the members
That you'd like to meet.

Advance in your lodge room
To the front like a man;
Give free of your friendship
And do what you can.

Don't wait to be noticed.
It isn't worth while
For the world to spend hours
In seeking your smile.

Go give it your handgrasp;
Show power and skill;
The world will soon greet you
With joy and good will.

We need willing workers,
Not statues of stone.
Step up. Show your power,
And make yourself known

A HEART CRY

Alone I sat to weep and watch
For what I know will never be.
Hope died since love has ceased to live,
And naught save scorn can I give thee

Where once, with trust, I gave my heart
In happy days that soon meant naught.
Alas! In thee a comrade kind
And purely true I vainly sought.

The shrine on which I placed my love
Hath been too weak; or could it be
My love so great, or so ill-shown
When still 'twas thine, it wearied thee?

Another form may please thee now;
Another face may be more fair
Than mine did seem since love hath died;
Her lips seem sweet as nectar rare;

Her eyes may shine as stars above;
Her tempting ways may charm thee now;
But in thy heart will ever live
The mem'ry of thy marriage vow.

The sin that linked her heart with thine
And made thee break thy vow, thine own,
Will kill thy seeming love in time;
Then will she reap what she has sown.

Then wilt thou miss a wife's true love
That might have lived "till death do part."
The wanton's passion and embrace
Cannot live long within thy heart.

Then worldly honor or renown,
With none to share, couldst thou enjoy?
Or even tho she bore thy name
(Who has been but thy wanton toy)

Would not the mem'ry of a wife
Who left thee, dim thy birthborn pride,
And ever stand a specter grim
Between thee and a sin-bought bride?

Had honor died not in thy breast,
Thou couldst not stand and sadly say:
"I still love thee, I love not her,
And time will prove thee this some day."

Oh, knowest thou not the child I gave
Will oftentimes turn thy thoughts to me,
Although ambition's empty glare
Is dear and much desired by thee?

Remember this: that through her veins
Doth course thy blood, and that her heart
In future years will ask the "Why."
Then what will take a father's part?

Her life and mine, too strongly bound
For aught to sever us in twain.
Thou shouldst have been the third pure link
For her sweet sake, if not for mine.

And when a father's love she asks
Of me, and where he is, and what,
Thinkest thou the task an easy one
To make reply, when truth is sought?

And tho to her no word I say,
Less tender tongues will tell the tale
Of virtue crushed and honor slain,
Because of one false wanton pale.

Canst thou not feel, dost thou not know
My child and thine will share thy shame?
E'en though 'twere miles 'tween thee and her;
For through time's flight she bears thy name.

E'en tho thy love for sin was great,
Could not her kiss and childish smile
Forever be thy one safeguard,
And save thee from the wanton's guile?

Remember this: tho sinful lust
Hath rudely torn thee from my heart,
I still can love thy child and mine,
Though we and thou forever part.

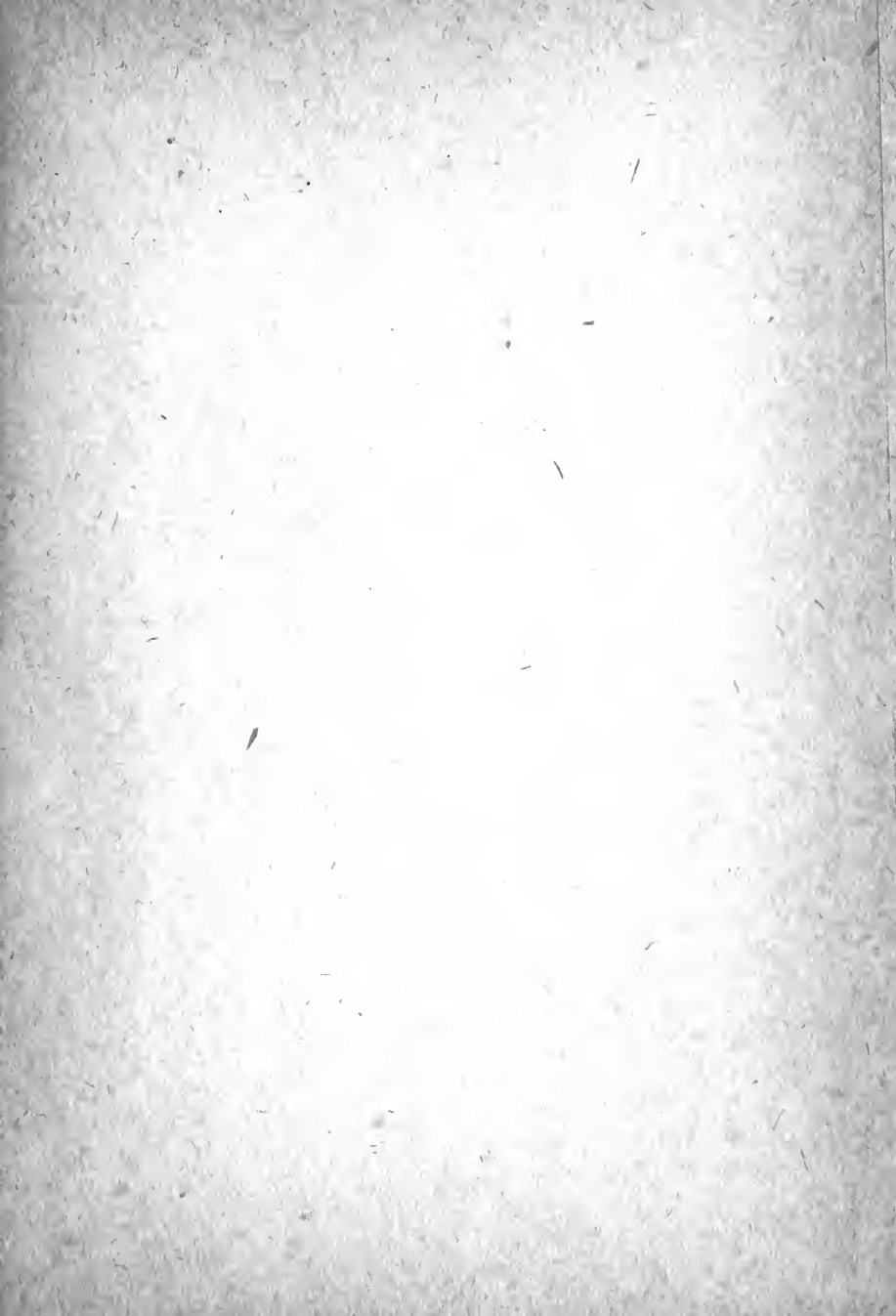
While thou and she, who lured thee on
With sinful ways, together live,
Thy child and I will watch and wait
What fortune brings and fate shall give.

And so we leave. No legal tie,
No words of love, or tears, regret,
Can hold us longer in thy life.
Much better 'twere had we not met.

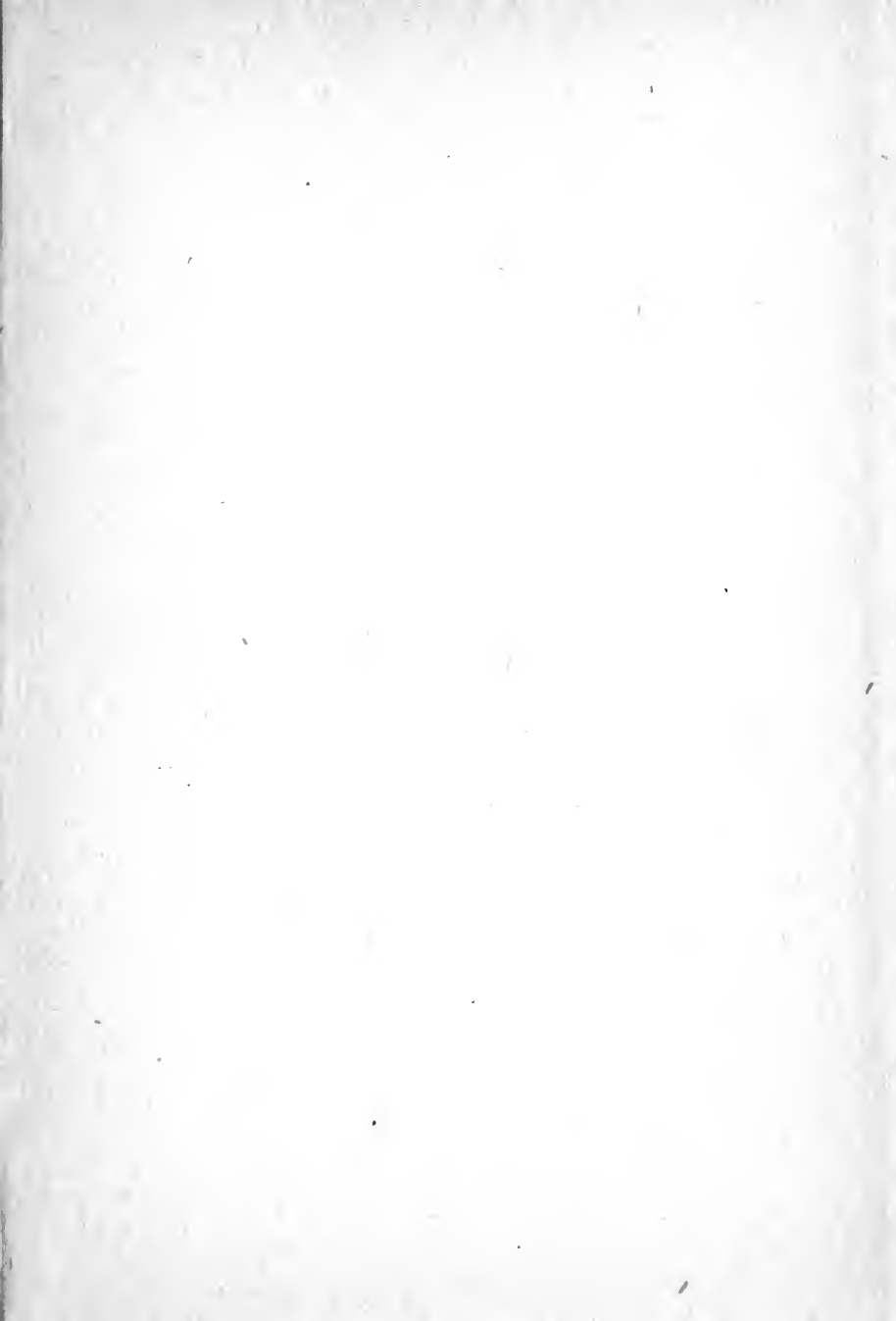
Seek not to follow. Go thy way.
Our path and thine no longer one.
A baby voice is calling me,
I drop my pen; my writing's done.

Even tho' the years are flitting,
Closer still your hearts are knitting,
And the web of life you've spun
Will be worthy when 'tis done.

And your love makes our hearts lighter,
And your lives this old world brighter.
Fifty cheers we give for you,—
Friends so noble, brave and true.



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